The Carmel Pine Cone

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Abuse For Steffens
By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

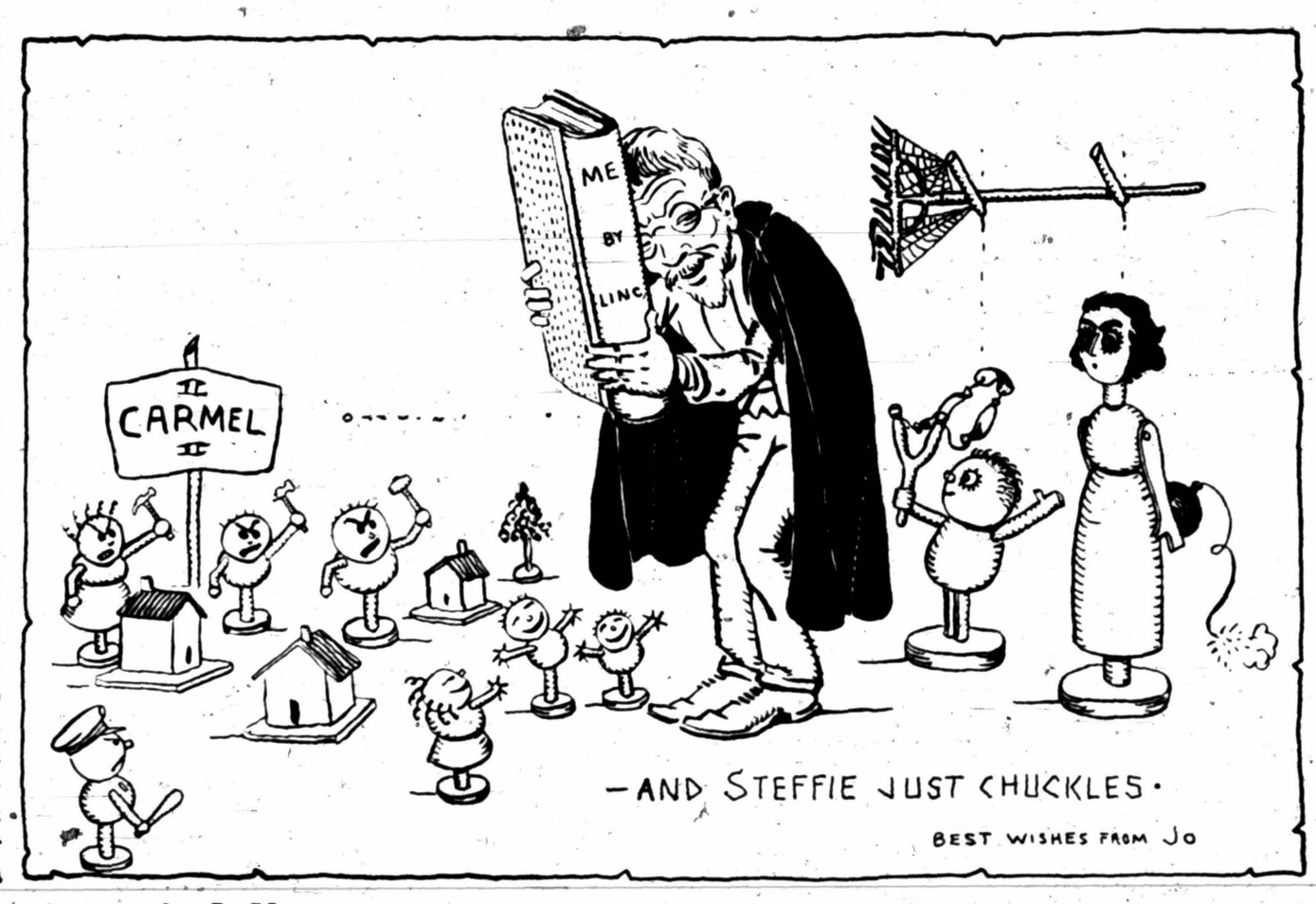
I am greatly elated that The Pine Cone invites me to abuse Lincoln Steffens for five hundred words more or less if preferred. There will be no less.

I am in a hospital being groomed for an operation next Monday but I can not lose an opportunity which I have coveted for years. Lincoln Steffens is a menace to Society. He speaks in paradoxes and writes in cryptograms so those who hear or read cannot understand what on earth he is driving at. They see a mild mannered gentlemen for whom the burning question of the day is cigarettes and they never understand. For example in the last Presidential election he went up and down whispering "Vote for Hoover. He is our man." His fellow citizens stared. He would add "Things will never be better till they are worse and only Hoover can make them worse."

Lincoln Steffens is a dangerous man. He would, if he could, embrace the pillars of Soicety only to pull down the Sacred Temple in ruins. What is Society? It is Bankers, Captains of Industry, The Railroad, the Water-power and other maggots. It is Law and Order and Politicians by which we live and move and dress. It is all that we hold dear—very dear. Society is not the discontented, the agitators, the badly dressed, the badly born who work to live or try to—in other words the mob. Lincoln Steffensous man.

would pull down and destroy our well-dressed, well-ordered, peaceful, prosperous Society with all its privileges. He is a stormy petrel flying above the surges of every revolution—Russia, Mexico, Austria, Germany and he only returned to his native land because he learned there was to be a Revolution there. How little he understood his fellow countrymen—their devotion to Law and Order, their reverence for Authority and their profound respect for mediocrity. What! Is not a criminal syndicalist law a Law? What! Is not a Judge who disembowels the constitution a Judge? What! Is not this the land of Freedom? The American People and The American Legion say it is. They are the bulwarks of our institutions which have given us a happy, entirely well fed and prosperous people. Lincoln Steffens must look elsewhere for Revolution.

Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together. Lincoln Steffens is that noble American bird of prey, the bald headed Eagle and when our Society of perfect equality, freedom, justice and plenty shall lie dying he will be flying above it screaming: **Fiat Justitia ruat Coelum. If only** I felt better and had more words I could easily show that, to the Existing Order we all so greatly respect, Lincoln Steffens is a danger



Cartoon by Jo Mora

One of Life's Amenities
By Allen Griffin

I have delayed writing this until the deadline, because I don't know just what I want to say about Lincoln Steffens.

It would be absurd for me to write about "Steffens the Man," or even "Steffens the Carmelite." Or about any other kind of that kind of Steffens.

I feel very personal about Steffens, and being an inhibited soul I find it extraordinarily difficult to write personal things. Simply I'm fond of him, very fond of him. I like to sit with him. Not just to hear him talk, for I don't care much whether he talks or not. Nor just to hear myself talk, for I don't care much whether I talk. It seems to make very little difference.

Steffens is a kindly man and gentle. That is, the Steffens I know. I can never understand why he seems so irritating to some people. He seems to be having fun; and it is never irritating to me to see a kindly man have fun. Even at my expense, or at the expense of certain things I think I believe in—or believe in. I'm afraid it is the people who also think they think what I believe in, or who really believe what I believe, who rile me most. Somehow Steffens helps me keep a sense of proportion. I think that's awfully good of him, especially since he never appears to do it on purpose. Maybe he lets it happen.

I haven't any idea what Steffens "Ideaology" may be, if there is any such thing. That has never seemed very important to me. In the figurative sense he does something to me that affects me like his good-night-and-go-to-bed backscratching must affect his son Pete. There's a sense of pleasure, of intimacy, of tingling, of awareness, of understanding, and, withal, of restfulness, in the companionship he has to share And there is that humor, never boisterous and never resentful, a sort of cross between the Gaelic and Gallic, that is something his age, experience, tolerance, keenness, and kindness make delightful and stimulating. Whether the good psychologists will call that his "defense" against life, I don't know and don't care. How and why he became that way is not half so important as the fact that he is that way. It disguises his force and his influence, and of course may be a sort of handy-man in that respect. But what of it? It is certainly a contribution to the amenities of life; and Steffens, to me at least, is one of the amenities of life in this community.

Now what Steffens does to me is of no importance. But since I am one of the averages, I take it for granted that he similarly affects, to their pleasure if not advantage, many others here. Perhaps from a broad point of view that's not important either—but it is, personally, very important to those that find in Steffens a wise and gentle friend with whom to sit in front of a fire.

MAKING US THINK

Lincoln Steffens has spoken on a variety of topics in the years he has lived in Carmel and has usually left his hearers puzzled and questioning. "I am not sure I understand just what he means," is the common complaint. And of course that is exactly the situation he wishes to create. He has no intention of doing our thinking for us and when he can goad us into thinking for ourselves, he is happy.

We, however, are not happy. Thinking is a painful process and most of us avoid it when we can. The speaker we really enjoy is the man who "brings us a message." A speaker of that type offers a set of facts and theories neatly fitted together and we comfortably accept his conclusions as our own without the least disturbance to the gray matter of our brains.

If Mr. Steffens refuses to formulate his thoughts into final statements and insists upon puzzling and disturbing us, he can hardly expect us to like him. And perhaps we shouldn't like him if it were not for that friendly, human twinkle in his eye.—Clara N. Kellogg

$1.50 - Postage Paid
By Martin Flavin

You have asked me to write something for an issue of the Pine Cone which is to be dedicated to Lincoln Steffens. This is an easy and pleasant assignment.

In July, 1932, Lincoln Steffens wrote me a letter expressing his opinion of my play AMACO which he had read in manuscript. The play has since been published by Samuel French Inc. (price $1.50 postage paid) and the letter can be read on the packet. I advise all readers of the Pine Cone to purchase the volume immediately before the edition is exhausted and to read the Lincoln Steffens letter which is revelatory of the finest aspects of the man's character. I might mention that I distributed about fifty copies of the play which I paid for at authors' rates, to friends and acquaintances. Several of the acquaintances acknowledged receipt of the book but none of the friends. I have had this experience with friends before but I never seem to learn anything. If they do write they usually say: "I have received your book and hasten to acknowledge it at once. Many thanks. I will read it as soon as Minnie gets over the measles."—Minnie never gets over the measles and this lets them out for ever. People have funny ideas about authors. They think the books belong to them and that all they have to do is to write to the publishers and say: "Send me a thousand more."—And they think that the seats in the theatres belong to the men that write the plays. Once I paid one hundred and fifty dollars for seats for a Broadway opening for some of my best friends (?) and afterwards they all came to my apartment and ate my caviar and drank my champagne and told me how bad the play was. The people who paid for their seats thought it was pretty good. The moral of all this is: never give anything if you want any value attached to it. But we seem to be drifting away from Lincoln Steffens.

Steffens the Man—I am a biased and incompetent observer. When a man writes to me as Steffens wrote (see jacket — AMACO — Samuel French Inc.—$1.50 postage paid) he has revealed himself and stamped himself as a seer and a prophet. He has testified exquisite taste and rare discernment. He has sounded emotional depth and proved intellectual discrimination. He is no longer just a man; he is too close to God.

Sincerely
MARTIN FLAVIN

P. S. By the way, the name of the banker in AMACO is Nathan Loeb and not A. G. Morton.—If this be anti-semitism, make the most of it.
ST. MORITZ SUISSE
JANUARY 11th, '34

WITH LAUGHTER

Lincoln Steffens laughs at the foolish antics of society. But he never laughs at you, or me, or the other fellow. When you tell him your sad story, he shakes his head and smiles at the idea of your being potentially without hope in the world. And after you leave him you go away full of confidence for yourself and bursting with laughter at society and systems.—Laidlaw Williams

An Eager Leader

By Amelia L. Gates

I shall never forget the first time I heard Lincoln Steffens speak. It must have been over thirty years ago, but he stands out in my mind with Jack London and David Starr Jordan as one of the three great figures of that time inspired by a dominant, driving purpose.

In those days succeeding the Victorian Era, he was a flaming torch in the forefront of advanced thought.

From the castigation of governmental graft and corruption, he has advanced to the advocacy of an entirely new regime. With his accustomed courage and fire, he has repudiated a system which he holds responsible for the present economic breakdown and thrown the weight of his dynamic vitality on the side of a form of government which will respond with greater efficiency to the needs of a different civiliation. The cycle of his career culminated in his appeal at the Mooney demonstration. There, to a packed auditorium, he flashed forth as the impassioned advocate of the Communist party.

With the passage of the last thirty years, I have watched him progress, always outstripping the slower-footed crowd in his eager leadership; his clear mind lighting the way to dimmer intelligences, from rebellion against existing conditions to active advocacy of a completely revolutionary system in the doctrine of Communism.

Through his fearlessness, he has made himself the outpost of a practical idealism, pointing the way past the outworn fringe of a decaying epoch to the vital youth of a "brave new world."

WHAT WOULD FOSDICK SAY OF MR. STEFFENS?

Writing a word for many of us in Carmel who do not know Mr. Steffens intimately, I may say we see in him a valiant defender of the down-trodden, a lover of little children, a kindly spirit, as well as a gifted man.

If with his keen insight into the problems of evil he sometimes seems to be without faith, as if he said, "Everybody lives by humbug, why not I?", we smile with him, being convinced he is too great to be compounded of so much unbelief. Also we know that "geniuses are light mockers."

"Of life immense in passion,
place and power,
Cheerful, for present action
formed under the laws divine,
The modern man I sing."

If our modern man, Lincoln Steffens, is not a God-intoxicated man like Walt Whitman, he is a man-intoxicated man, and we all know where the angel placed Abou Ben Adam for loving his fellow men.

Some of those who have done little thinking about Mr. Steffens, look upon him as a dangerous radical. Alas! Alas! to quote Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, "Freedom may be dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have," and we rejoice in his fearless utterances, knowing that his object is to wake us up to the need of a different and better day.

As we scan the several decades of his fight against the economic oppressor of the downtrodden, I believe we can see in him a Christian spirit often wanting in so many who are so much surer of their Christianity than he.

We congratulate ourselves that we live in the same village with Lincoln Steffens, our world-famed citizen.

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TWO CLUES

by Carrie Horton Blackman

Yes, Lincoln Steffens is an Enigma. Of late I have found two clues. I will give them to you.

The first I discovered is that little gem of literature entitled "Moses in Red," in which the typical Revolution is unfolded in the thrilling but pathetic history of the Exodus—the children of Israel led through trials, external and internal, perhaps themselves their greatest obstacle, led by Moses, the frend of God, to satety and joy; or, at least, so near that he could glimpse it. But, alas! he was not to "go over."

And hence I caught my second clue:.

In the Nation of December 20, 1933, Lincoln Steffens reviews most remarkably the work of a fellow muck-raker, Charles Edward Russell, called Ban Hands and Stone Walls.

His review is too much even to sketch in this paragraph, but probably it contains a fuller revelation of the man Steffens than we can find elsewhere.

The muck-raker is a wounded man, wounded in his lonely battle. Comes today, the day of action, of creation, of achievement, and the muck-raker, the searcher, the prophet—his work is done.

The storming of the wall, the taking of the citadel, the building of the New State, that is the work of the actors.

And so———

A Molder of Thoughts

By Ella Young

What to say of Lincoln Steffens, a man so many-sided, a master of such diverse graces! He has been in many countries, he has spoken with the great ones of his ages—and with the so-called great ones-Other people have done that, but few have had eyes to see as clearly, or a heart to understand as deeply. To hear Lincoln Steffens talk of Lenin is to know, once for all, that greatness, that genius is understood only by those akin to it.

To have lived long, to have lived richly, to have lived well—Lincoln Steffens has done that. The lightning quickness, the rapier point of his wit has not estranged his friends; it flashes about opponents, but does not wound, for Lincoln Steffens loves even his opponents and treats them, as he treats life, a rare gallantry.

In the short time, too short, at my disposal I can but offer a meager tribute to one who has made his mark in the age he lives in, who has moulded thought in that age, who has held open with aeclaim, the doorway for the age that is to be.

Health, strength and prosperity to Lincoln Steffens.

White horses the sea has,
Under the waters
Dead men dream of them;
They plunge on the sea-maze
Their proud heads a-toss;
They hide in wave-hollows.
On wild nights their neighing
Shrills in the foam.
White horses the sea has.
Dead men dream of them
Under the waves.

JUST SAY "DITTO"

When asked to write an opinion concerning Lincoln Steffens, I wondered why. When asked again, I wondered why again. I wondered why it was necessary to write anything or to give an opinion about anyone who has written so much himself, who has said so much about others as well as himself, and who is so opinionated on the general affairs of world's interest.

Nationally, he is recognized as one of the world's best opinionators, though somewhat revolutionary. I welcome the opportunity to shake his hand, and in passing would like to tip my hat and just say, "Ditto!"—David E. Matzke

LONG MAY HE RAVE

Lincoln Steffens has become a member of the distinguished group which has so frequently put Carmel on the front page. Long may he rave.—W. L. Overstreet

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A Letter to Steffens
By Robinson Jeffers

Dear Steff: I am writing you a letter, because it is a thing unnatural to me, almost impossible, and so a real proof of affection. You are wealthy in that, your friends are very many, not to count the silent affection that innumerable readers of your biography must feel toward you; I am only saying "Me too," and that it is a particular privilege to be your neighbor.

Your readers know how many pearls you gathered from the muckheaps with that famous rake, and how much wisdom out of a foolish world; but they cannot, for instance, enjoy the ardors of a conversation between my wife and you. It is thrilling to watch you becoming ever more intellectually radical, and Una more and more instinctively Tory as the controversy develops. I listen with immense enjoyment, thinking how right you both are.

Your readers know your tolerance, the breadth of your sympathies, the activity and acuteness of your mind; but print is limited at best, and they can hardly realize as your neighbors do, how warmly tolerant you are, how universally sympathetic — toward criminals, millionaires, artists, even writers of verse—how rapid as well as active your mind is, and how humane with its keenness.

You are modern American (with all your sojourns in Europe) as much as anyone I know; approver of industry, believer in progress; and it may surprise you to hear that a name from old Athens and another from much older China pop into my mind when I think of yours. Socrates too reasoned fearlessly, and with deliberate inconclusiveness; and gave himself to instructing the young. And Confucius: "If any ruler would submit to me as his director . . .I should accomplish . . . " the perfect commonwealth. But Confucius built as confidently on the past as you on the future. Enviable confidence!

This letter is only to say that I, and my household, and your other neighbors, love as well as admire you.

" Only a Reporter"
By R. A. Kocher

Lincoln Steffens modestly refers to his earlier activities as "only a reporter." One reviewer of his Autobiography, in this connection, points out that Lincoln Steffens himself made news. He was always bigger than the passing show he set out to report. One example which comes to my mind was the occasion of a free speech demonstation in Union Square, New York. The authorities had intended police interference and expected riots. Steffens, as an experiment, induced the police commissioner to lay off, to keep the police in the background and let the anarchists and hearts content. They talked themselves out with no disturbance socialists "blow off steam" to their whatever, but disappointed at not having been stopped by the authities. This was the beginning of a period of non-interference with free speech in Union Square. Thus Steffens, himself, became news. There were a great many similar instances. Now, to a younger generation, not contemporaneous with his earlier activities, he has become known and loved through his recent book.

Lincoln Steffens' Autobiography is the story of a first-rate man's reaction to life. This formula alone would be sufficient guarantee of good reading. When, in addition, that life has been lived in the very thick of events of a period so epochal as the last half century, observed with the critical insight and human understanding, and recorded with the charm and rumor of this autobiography, you have a classic of more than passing importance.

I firmly believe that the Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens, as a literary effort, and the influence of the man, will continue to grow in importance, as events in time confirm his breadth of vision, and enlightenment accepts the sociological trends he has so earnestly fostered.

If one would know the art of living, let him assiduously study the autobiography of one who, "When he tumbles out of bed, laughs, as good as gold."

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON LINCOLN STEFFENS PLATFORM MANNERISMS
by John O'Shea

Mr. Lincoln Steffens is so seriously regarded by the young revolutionists of our town that were he to command them to attack all wind-mills of the county and place them on his lawn it would be done without thought or consideration of casualties. It is not youth alone that Steffens inspires. No one, except the happily apathetic, escapes his infectious vision. He speaks but seldom now: and it is of his mannerisms on the platform that these observations are concerned. His audience is made up of all sorts of people. There are those who will not agree and who will not stay away, and those who agree and are confused but exhilarated.

His manner of appearing on the stage has a sense of suddenness. But once there he takes a leisurely interest in the contemplation of his props, table, jug and glass. When he awakens from his Cezanne—like revery he proceeds to be aware of his audience. He now bestows on it a look of quizzical surprise. And here his most characteristic gesture is the moving of his head from side to side, with bird-like jerks, very slowly as if he were limbering up his neck muscles. He has taken in every member of the audience. This unhurried concentration has a mesmeric effect that leaves the audience bewildered. Each is provoked according to his resentments or prejudices. Some begin to wonder if the lecture is to be delivered telepathically. His hecklers are moulding thunderbolts for the destruction of his theories expressed or hidden. So eager are they to show off their gleaming missiles that they are impatient of the allotted time at the speaker's disposal. Steffens enjoys the heavy hecklers. He beams on them. When the row gets hot he smiles with boyish glee. The evening is a success. About this smile of his I have heard a lady say, "No one can be thoroughly bad with a smile like that."

Perhaps, if this perplexed old world does not improve, Uncle Sam may be tempted to seek advise from the Immortals of Tir-na-nogue, or wherever they may reside. What better ambassador than our own Steffens! Who could do a better job of giving the right information? Besides he would put these antique worthies at their ease at once by jauntily addressing them—Fellow Crooks: the situation is—, etc., etc. .

FRON ONE JOURNALIST TO ANOTHER
By Jesse A. Bunch

A memorial edition of the Carmel Pine Cone to Lincoln Steffens at this time is a venture wholly commendable and particularly timely. It is memorable because Lincoln Steffens is one of the important people of Carmel and the nation and timely because of the undeniable fact that the radical predictions of the man for the past decade are fast becoming face to face, hand to hand realities.
Lincoln Steffens' utterances for a

As a newspaper man I have read great many years—read them with the reactions of scorn and fury and cast them aside with the comforting reasoning that his views were those of a half crazy, publicity seeking journalist.

I saw him in Carmel the other day, along in years now, but still with the fire and zeal of genius in him and it struck me rather forcibly that he was one of the few radicals the country has had that are living to see some of his predictions borne out by fact.

The world is in a turmoil—the popular phrase "we don't know were we are going but we are on our way" is quite true.

Is Lincoln Steffens right and am I wrong? I hope he is wrong for I have always found it a pretty good world. But there are millions who don't think so. So be it. If I am wrong I must and will adjust myself to a revolutionized world.

In any event congratulations to Mr. Lincoln Steffens—a man in whom Carmel takes pride—and success and best wishes to the Carmel Pine Cone in their memorial edition to a great man.

LINCOLN STEFFENS

Here's health to you, our grand old man,
So keep on laughing as long as you can,
We wish that you might live to be
That last, lone leaf upon the tree
To laugh at those who'd like to best
A jester by laughing last.

But what a joke it would be on you
If (as, and when, you do pass through
That door) GOOD PEOPLE up above
Should laugh WITH you—a jest of LOVE.

—Mary Adda Reade.

AN ANECDOTE

I was invited to attend a meeting at which "Steffy" was to speak. There had been plenty of notice, of the meeting, and there was a large number of people in attendance. Before the meeting, I, with several others gathered round "Steffy" engaging in desultory talk. At a little after 8 p. m. the host came up to "Steffy" and said "It is about time to begin." "Steffy" took out his watch saying, "Oh yes, let me see. What was I to talk about?"—A .T .Shand.

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Systole and Diastole

By Sara Bard Field

Everyone will talk of Lincoln Steffens' champagne wit, his kinship to Oscar Wilde in power over the paradox, his unique world renown as mediator between hostile persons, parties, classes, ideas. I, too, know how far these qualities and accomplishments segregate him from the mixed, monotonous human herd. I know how they place him high and apart where the ogling, inquisitive future may train their glasses back on him and appraise his contribution to our era but I am not surrendering my small word-allotment to these considerations.

Wit, paradox, analytical and synthetical powers that make him stimulating and socially valuable are attributes of the lively head. It is the qualities of his equally lively heart to which I turn. As our age grows more and more scientific, more completely mechanized, more idolatrous of brain cells, the heart lobes and the rhythms they register seem neglected or undervalued. Yet without the mighty systole and diastole of human emotions, of responsive feeling what man or woman is truly great?

Lincoln Steffens' brilliant intellectual qualities are too often like dazzling jewels on a lovely woman, distracting the eye from the essential beauty they adorn. That essential beauty in my dear friend, Lincoln, is sympathy and a vast compassion which, as his great Poet-neighbor says, "sticks longer than the other colors in this bleaching cloth." Most people overlook his tenderness and pity partly because he likes to conceal it (if possible) and partly because he has disciplined himself to turn the searchlight of his brain at once into the condition he pities that he may diagnose it and suggest the remedy. Love quickens the imagination of this man as Beauty does that of the poet. He has a magical and instant identification of himself with the experience of the loved object be it composite or individual. He knows no rest till he has clarified the cause of pain and tried to ease it. Or if the beloved country, revolution, idea or whatsoever is claiming his affection, misunderstood, he must travel far and wide and lift his voice in season and out to enlighten those who misunderstood. This is what he did for Russia and only future historians will be able to estimate how much the public's swing from hostility toward friendly recognition of the Soviet regime is due to the educational labors of Lincoln Steffens.

Nor is the individual overlooked by this compassionate understanding. What friend of his, at some acute moment of pain, has not felt his subtle approach? Twice in anguished crises of my own life I have sensed his engrossed sympathy groping like a tender, invisible hand through the dark, inevitable space between all human souls, in the hope that he might for a fleeting moment touch the wound with wise healing. In our files among the few cherished letters we keep are two from this man. We keep them not because they say words of exquisite appreciation but because they reveal a profound secret, all of which I can not share but part of which is that Lincoln Steffens is a poet. Some tiny shifting of the delicate balances of his being would have made the poet in him articulate in what is strictly called poetry instead of leaving it in solution in his sensitive feelings, but who would shift balances to gain another singer of whom there are many and lose a Lincoln Steffens of whom there is but one?

Muckraker? Not the Right Label

By D. T. MacDougal

My first contact with Lincoln Steffens was made when he came to the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx for information concerning the activities and purposes of that newly organized and scietifically alturistic institution, of which I was assistant director. The results of our interview made the front page of the N. Y. Evening Post, so long ago that Steffens can not remember the year and I do not wish to do so.

Had it been a few years later some readers might have suspected that his visit was for the purpose of finding out whether the relations between our Board, which included some of the most eminent philanthropists of the day, and the government of the City afforded any especial opportunities for graft on the part of Tammany Hall. His performance, however, was that of the reporter at large, and entirely free from features which led scientists at that time to be so unfriendly to newspaper men.

I have never been able to concur in applying the label "muckraker" to him. Steffens is a perpetually young man with an insatiable curiosity. He is as absorbent as blotting paper, turns corners eagerly, peers into doors and windows which should be open to the public view (but which are often heavily curtained), then beckons to us dawdling far behind him, saying "Hey fellows, look what is here! If you see what I see what shall we do about it?"

Such behavior is very upsetting to more than a majority of the citizenry. Steffens is frequently in error, but his mistakes are those consequent upon avid inquisitiveness, and upon the fact that no one can learn more than a little about more than one thing.

Within the week I have had occasion to rally him about his unceasing preachment that the ills of the period are to be corrected by the younger generation. If the second generation now coming along since the World War has done anything to mend its tragic consequences, shown any notable adhesion to measures which might prevent its horrible reduplication, or originated anything promising improvement of the social order or of economic conditions in any country, it has not found expression in the public prints.

At the center of activity in every current movement forenlightenment will be found a group of experienced veterans who must spend untold energy to gain the adherence of the potentially wise and supposedly modern young. Non-creative youth, the frustrated and inexperienced respond most strongly to dramatized policies to be enforced by "drives" or other forms of "positive action," as evidenced by the monstrous growth of Hitlerism.

On the other hand rationalized procedure on the basis of intellectual honesty as advocated by the able exponents of liberalism in America found but a scant and fast dwindling support in the decade following the Civil War.

The world may not look to youth but to youthfulness, not to the well-meaning fanatic, but to the ardent and keenly curious, regardless of age, who have learned to rearrange the knowledge of yesterday in the light of today, then deal unflinchingly with the total.

But are you mystified by the politics of yesterday, and do you trail hopelessly behind in the swiftly moving procession of remedial measures for the economic indigestion of today? "Boy! page Lincoln Steffens"; what he may say about these poignant puzzlements might be good: most assuredly it will not be commonplace.

I AM I

by Elizabeth McClung White

A garden, enclosed by a passion-vine hedge, lies in California sunshine.

Lincoln Steffens straightened from his spade, dug deep in productive soil.

Lincoln smiled whimsically. "Mr. Steffens," he said, "this planting of flowers, and clearing of weeds, is none too good for your business."

Mr. Steffens answered coldly, "Then drop it. Go in and write something. Find somebody or something going wrong and write a hot one."

"Not hard to find someone going wrong, Mr. Steffens," Lincoln replied mildly. His searching gaze found a thistle overshadowing a primrose.

"Let the thistles alone, Lincoln. Flowers can take care of themselves. Go to your desk."

Lincoln brushed a gentle hand across his brow. The frown disappeared. "I begin to wonder," he said, "if destroying something isn't merely destructiveness. If ——"

"Don't wonder," snapped Mr. Steffens. "That's for the herd. You are a leader. To be a leader you must get attention. Destroying something is a sure road to attention."

"But, couldn't the old things stand until we evolve into a better understanding ——"

Angrily, "How often do we have to battle this out? I begin to believe, disdainfully, "that you are really gentle."

"I wonder," Lincoln mused.

Mr. Steffens threw aside the spade. It cut a petunia in half.

Lincoln bent swiftly to the plant. He sighed. "Oh, well, I know you won't let me alone until I do as you say. But, what shall I write about this time?"

"Oh, He--! What does it matter?"

"Not a bad idea," Lincoln said. "I feel so entirely the opposite today that I think I shall write about Satan. But, don't forget, Mr. Steffens, that some day I shall write about ——"

"Go in."

Lincoln went.

PAYS HER TRIBUTE

Lincoln Steffens made his reputation as a liberal and reformer and his place among them was an out-standing one; yet, when his convictions changed, he had the intellectual honesty and the courage to declare publicly the bankrupcy of liberalism and to proclaim the program of the Communist Party as the only solution for the economic and political problems that are wrecking the civilized world.

To his honesty and courage I am glad to pay tribute.—Anita Whitney.

SAVE YOUR NECK!

You've "saved your face" you've often said
By telling lies. By Heck
Just lie around some more, old dear.
Now you must save your neck!

—Gertrude F. Tooker

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Why Listen to Steffens?

By Rhys Williams

Against Steffens I hold a deep, long-standing grudge for starting me off on the wrong track in life. That was over twenty years ago when I was graduating from Marietta College in Ohio and his articles on the **Shame of the Cities** had fired my reforming zeal and patriotism. Out of them I made my commencement oration—a clarion call to the audience to rise up and smash the unholy alliance between Big Business, the underworld and the grafters.

And right there in the audience sat Big Business in all its glory!—old graduates like Charlie Dawes down from Chicago in his private car, the big and small town bankers, members of the "Ohio gang"—the real powers behind the G. O. P. the state and the college. They were withal amiable and kindly, the best fellows in the world, ready to help us along with glad hand fatherly counsel. "Better cut out that sort of stuff," said one of them to me, "and leave muckrakers like Steffens alone. That is, if you want to get on in the world." Most wise and excellent advice. But with the folly of youth, I didn't realize it then and let Steffens mislead me.

And still today, as of yore, Steffens is allowed to go on corrupting the rising generation, implanting queer notions in their heads, starting them off on paths leading God knows where! Certainly not to good bank accounts and honorary degrees. More likely to lots of trouble—for themselves as well as others. Maybe even to jail.

It was some years later that I met Steffens face-to-face. That was in East Boston, where I inveigled him into speaking at my Forum. Most of the speakers came, spoke, collected their fee and forthwith disappeared. But Steffens hung around afterwards, prying into things, asking questions. He wanted to know who were running affairs in our community. That seemed a bit impertinent. Wasn't it perfectly apparent that we were doing just that—we who were the heads of the forums, schools, churches . . . ? "That may be true," said Steffens, "but then again it may not." The public utilities, ward-bosses, even the saloon keepers—he insinuated—might actually have more power than the good respectable leaders like us. All very irritating and unflattering. Particularly so when it turned out later that he was right.

The next time I struck the Steffens trail was in Russia. That was right after the Tsar's downfall when reporters, observers and delegations went hurrying over to see the Revolution. Most of them never saw it. They didn't have the eyes, the heart or courage to see it. Isolated by their preconceptions and prejudices they never came in contact with the insurgent people, with any of the dynamic vital elemental forces, and departed from Russia almost as innocent and ignorant of the Revolution as when they arrived. In the words of the old peasant saying: "They went to the circus but they didn't see the elephant."

This was preeminently true of members of the Root Mission, who in luxurious quarters in the Winter Palace, revelled in "revolutionary" banquets, greetings and speeches. But these were just the glittering front and facade of the Revolution. They met the "revolutionary" leaders like Kerensky, and his ministers—suave, eloquent and apparently holding the destinies of the country firmly in their hands. But they were only the Caliphs of the passing hour. Not in them was the Revolution. It was in the insurrectionary masses out in the streets and squares, in the mills and factories. It was in the dreams and the determination of the 160 millions of long exploited peoples now pressing forward to the goal of their long cherished ideals "like a flow of molten lava that could not be dammed or turned aside." There was the revolution. And here the Revolution was, there was Steffens. Long columns of rough hobnailed men, under red banners, tramping on through the rain and the night, God knows where! He went tramping with them, discovering they were mutely protesting against the war, which some man named Lenin was denouncing as a shameless butchery. Big crowds on corners and in by-ways arguing violently over God knows what! He pulled out some of the wranglers and found they were "Bolsheviks" demanding liberty, bread, factories, Socialism. Other crowds cramming halls and barracks, endlessly orating, giving orders to one another and somehow carrying them out. He found they were "Soviets"—organs thrown up hastily by the masses, to perform the tasks that the Kerensky Government was falling down on—schools in which the "people were teaching themselves how to govern themselves."

A few months later that is exactly what they did. Through these Soviets they took over the government and began to run it for themselves, much to the surprise of the whole world. But Steffens wasn't surprised. By first-hand contact he had felt the real, the living elemental forces in the country. He had seen the direction in which the masses were marching and he knew that history was marching with them.

Always probing beneath the surface of things. Getting at the facts in a given situation—all the facts. And after sifting and weighing them, using them to chart the course that history will probably take in the future. That's what Lincoln Steffens has been doing for the last forty years all over Europe and America. And that is what he is doing today in Carmel as he listens to the visitors of all kinds that keep coming to him—bankers, editors, authors, actors, agitators, communists, conservatives, students, strike-breakers . . . . Out of the stories, facts, opinions, theories they bring him, he comes to his own conclusions.

His conclusions are not altogether reassuring to the powers that be. Nor are they highly flattering to us who live in our little Paradise here by the Pacific, so nicely insulated from the rest of struggling, sweating humanity. He reads the books we write, praises the pictures we paint, listens to the music we make, joins in our after-dinner philosophizing, believes profoundly in the resplendent future of our country. But evidently he doesn't think that we, any of us—himself included—are of very great importance in the shaping of that future. He seems to think that it will be determined, not so much by the ideals adn forces found in the roof-garden of the social structure, but by those who live on the bottom floors and in the basement. Not by the lotus-eaters, but by the lettuce-pickers, by the coal-diggers, the steel and transport workers, the stevedores, cotton-strikers . . . . Of course Steffens may be wrong. On the other hand he may be right. And if he is right, then where will we be. And where will Steffens be.

A LINE IN TRIBUTE

Our fellow townsman, Lincoln Steffens.
Often wrong but always interesting.—Birney W. Adams

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BISQUICK Small Package .. 18c Large Package 27c
H-O OATS—lg. pkg. Tune in H—O Rangers on KFRC 25c
DOG FOOD—3 tins CALO 25c
RICE KRISPIES—PACKAGE 9c
SOUPS—2 tins CAMPBELL'S ..... 15c Vegetable or Vegetable Beef
MILK—3 tall tins Red & White (limit 3) 17c
Crab Meat—No ½ tin Hacienda, Large Leg Meat 28c
CLAMS—No. 3 tin HALFERTY'S 23c
OYSTERS—Tl. Tin WILL-A-POINT 21c
Cake Flour—lg. pkg. RED & WHITE 25c
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The Man of Family

By Una Jeffers

The Steffens' Home—Woodcut by Abbie Bosworth

When Mrs. Blackman said I must give a glimpse of Lincoln Steffens in his home, I wished he were listening.I knew he would chuckle, for Home and Family are the topics of our sharpest disagreements. I pleading for the close-woven fabric of the family, he for breaking the threads, I for the home as my unit of measurement, he for some larger unit that has always some deadful implication of communal nurseries and kitchens. His theory, I mean, for he has practiced otherwise.

Having acquired his pleasant many-windowed house, he encouraged Ella Winter, who has a lucky hand with flowers, to fill the garden with vivid bloom, and a strip of velvet lawn beyond. (He did revert to theory once about the lawn, his "capitalist lawn" he calls it, for while Ella was away he yanked it up and gave it sod by sod to Stan Wood—only to produce another bigger, greener lawn before she came back.) Together they trained that gorgeous passion vine to grow and grow until it is as opaque a screen as my stone wall, and no longer, as I dash by, can I glance in to see whether Stef is moving sedately about the garden paths with his neat rake, or leaning on her that when Joyce reads his it, contemplating Jo Davidson's image of Pete by the pool, or latching the gate of "The Getaway" so Betty Ann can't wander. Betty Ann is Welsh Anna's baby, for when Anna acquired husband and child they too were absorbed into the household. It is gentle-voiced Anna who cheerfully answers your knock and brings you into the studio room, where the work of local artists is often shown informally. Guests from London, from Paris, from all the world, appear and depart. Here Stef tirelessly heartens the young writers and Liberators who cluster about him; or on other days, delighting above everything in his own finesse and casuistry, leans back, cigarette between fingers, to watch amid the gusts of theory

" . . . the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind."

When one comes in who is all for Living, her he prods into a recital of what tragic or comic event has just "hurtled into view" in the village, or gets out his Victrola record of Joyce reading from Anna Livia Plurabelle to convince shapeless half-words they are right.

Most courteous of hosts he is in his enjoyment to see you eating and drinking at his table, no matter how Spartan his own diet. Often Stef's dearest friend enters,—that's his son Pete, about whom he has blissfully theorized aloud and on paper since he let out his first wail. We have all kept a speculative eye on Pete from the time he first arrived, a tiny boy with charming, hand-kissing foreign manners, and progressed through stages of swaggering, bullying, big black sombrero-wearing, to the present moment, when he startles us by energetic washings and combings before he comes up with a friendly handshake.

Since those early days in his father's house at Sacramento, Lincoln Steffens has crossed many a public square and supped at many strange boards, but the circling years, late as early, have brought him again into the warm entrenchment of his home.

YEAST IN THE DOUGH

My right to space in the Pine Cone tribute to Lincoln Steffens rests, not upon my ability to analyze this unusual man nor upon my ability to explain him to others but solely because I like hm. We have so many reasons for being grateful to him. He has done for Carmel what he has done for larger communities and what he does constantly for the individual. He has put spice into our flat satisfactions, salt into our insidiously growing smugness and yeast into the dough of our stupid inertia. He has pulled the cloak off many a pottering old dowd of an idea disguised as safe and sound citizenship.

No one can ever measure the influence of Lincoln Steffens in his challenge to our goodness and respectability.

But, I repeat; I have one reason for paying tribute to Lincoln Steffens. I like him. I like him because he is sophisticated, experienced, clever; because he is simple, gentle and intelligent; I like him because he is a fatuous father, a fair and square lover and a generous husband: because he is picturesque in his Mephistophelian cape, pointed beard and—are they horns or eyebrows?

He is kind, very very kind and he suffers—of that I am sure—we who have thick skins and "easy" consciences can never know how a man who sees and knows and understands, can suffer.

I think perhaps there is no one in Carmel (except, of course his dear Peter and Ella) who likes Lincoln Steffens more than I do and yet, I have perhaps not exchanged more than a few hundred words with him in all the time I have known and liked him.—Eunice L. Gray.

DOGGEREL

Dedicated to L. S.

If you should want a scrambled mind
All sixes and all sevens,
Just start a little argument
With Mr. Lincoln Steffens.

Debating with him makes one feel
Much like delirium tremens.
He' s always dodging from the point,
Elusive Lincoln Steffens.

His condemnations are subdued,
With noise he never deafens.
His jibes and jeers are most refined—
Satiric Lincoln Steffens.

He loves the Bolshi Communists
But this he sometimes leavens,
For he's a trifle Bourgeois still,
Is rabid Lincoln Steffens.

Contrairiness beyond compare,
Nought like it 'neath the Heavens.
One only has to meet our friend,
Pugnacious Lincoln Steffens.

And yet he really has a heart.
The music of E. Nevins
Was ne'er more sweet and gentle
Than that kind man Lincoln Steffens.

—Toynbee Wright

TO MEET STEFFENS

Often the mail brings to me a message like this "May I come to see you? I want to meet Lincoln Steffens." So often that a natural division of house guests is: those who come to meet Lincoln Steffens; and those who just come. Sometimes the first group have an adventurously expectant air as though visiting the zoo to inspect, through bars, an amusing but not quite harmless animal. But a few moments with the man changes all that. Those who come for entertainment from an iconoclast remain for inspiration from a builder.

Especially do the young appreciate Lincoln Steffens' quality of understanding. Through him they are helped to readjust themselves to a chaotic world, to clarify its muddles and to extract decentness from muck.

Now the word "spiritual" is one which the wise use cautiously. Lincoln Steffens was once asked if he knew what spirituality meant. He did. It meant "Pulling oneself up by the bootstraps and soaring."

And the enlightened guest goes away, having found in Lincoln Steffens one who with his feet on the ground can still have his head in the sky: who, though only raking leaves can sense the vital essence of gardening: who is as wide-ranging, as catholic (and as colorful) as the superb passion-flower at his gate. One of the sanest in this mad-hattery that is Carmel.—Lester Rowntree

TO LINCOLN STEFFENS

I know you only through your autobiography, which made a deep impression upon me.

Human nature—how it has fascinated you! Courageously you have wrestled with it, probing into its hidden springs of action. Thus you have gained an understanding that has led you to tolerate humanity's shortcomings, to sympathize with its sufferings, and to have an unbounded faith in its possibilities.

—Emma Rendtorff

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We make them like new,
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We make them so perfectly clean.

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New—SPRING FASHIONS as Thrifty as they are Lovely

HOLMAN'S HAS UNUSUAL FASHION SHOWINGS

The depresison is over! It must be over, or Holman's would never have summoned the courage to place in stock the most brilliant display of Spring Fashions that has been seen in these parts in many many years.

Not one, but six members of the Holman staff attended the San Francisco Style Show this year, and brought back the very best of the best. Women of the Peninsula will see a metropolitan style show locally, when they visit the showing at Holman's this year.

A few 1934 features will include blouses, sweaters, skirts for sport, Desert cloth swaggers that are a big factor in giving a girl "what it takes to get along." There are enchanting knitted suits styled as only world style leaders know how. Supplementing these are the new and charming suits, ensembles and frocks, swagger suits . . . and . . . but what's the use?

Women, forgetting the stronger sex, cannot even with their great imagination endowments begin to draw a realistic mind picture without the model to pose.

And the women whose interest in loveliness has lagged will be the only woman who will not find it worth while to make the trek to Holman's this week and with the magic wand of a few dollars convert herself into the Cinderella that she has the where-with-all to be.

MEAGHER & CO. AWAKES TO THE URGE OF SPRING

While U. S. A. ponders over the C. W. A., N. R. A., C. C. C., and other initials of practical recovery importance, modern women of today will feel the practical recovery program that SHE craves in the F. S. C. (Fancy Silk Crepes) C. C. P. (Clipper Crepes Printed), A. B. C. (Percales), P. P. C. (Perfect Panel Curtains), and the hundreds of other dry goods and personal attire features wrich are being presented this week at Meagher & Co.', for 1934 style leaders.

Meagher & Co., has built a reputation for leadership in quality presentations on the Peninsula for many years. His merchandise is always representative of quality, the best possible for any given price, and where price is the total appeal . . . well Meagher hasn't got it and that's that. His stock includes dry goods, foundation garments, costume jewelry, hosiery, curtains, house rugs, towels, and all other articles which one would expect to find in metroploitan dry goods stores with progressive ideas.

NO FEATURE COULD PREDOMINATE LA MODE

A shop managed by a lady like Bee Brenner, a woman with more than a woman's eye, could never be accused of special features in Spring style review.

So it is that La Mode announces Spring Fashion advances with a confidence that comes only from years of experience plus that mystic "what is it" called intuition of woman. Result? Inevitably a rare blend of what is most feminine and lovely chosen from the finest advance showings of the larger style centers

Bee Brenner is not a manager of a shop, she is a woman who lives for her shop because she loves everything in it. Perhap it hurts her a litte to part with the things she has so carefully seleced herself. Perhaps she has hoped that maybe no one would buy them: but it is her business after all.

What do you wish, lady? A new suit, dress, dainties? What you will, La Mode is a reliable source to choose from?

STELLA SHOWS HOW TO GET SPRING OUTFIT

Stella's Drygoods store is featuring an inexpensive way to have a new and smart spring outfit, By choosing one of their good looking ginghams, prints or flat crepes and one of the new patterns, a charming frock may be had at a minimum expense.

MERLE'S HAS NOW NEW SPRING JEWELRY

No Spring outfit is complete without suitable jewelry to match, and with this idea in mind, Merle's Treasure Chest has in stock a large shipment of new and stylish jewelry. Some of these sets are priced as low as a dollar and twenty-five cents. These sets include earrings, what its name implies; a visitor necklace and ring.

Merle's Treasure Chest is truly there may find a veritable store of merchandise gathered from all over the Globe.

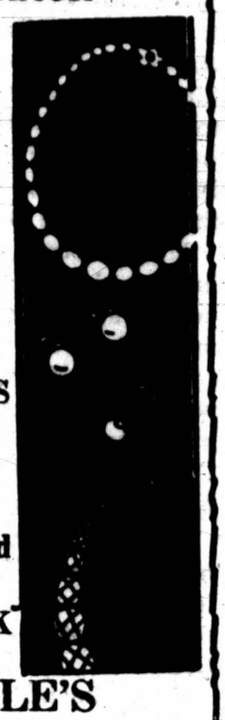
GOLDEN BOUGH PLAYERS WILL GIVE NOTED DRAMA

The Golden bough players will soon celebrate the tenth anniversary of their fonudation with a revival of the famous play of the California vineyards, "They Knew What They Wanted," which will be presented under Edward Kuster's direction March 8, 9, and 10th. Althea Kendall will play "Amy," Everett Sholund will enact "Joe" and the late Tom Bickel's role of "Father McKee" will be taken by Frank Hefling. The "Doctor" will be played by Dr. W. B. Williams.

The Golden Bough Players, finding an outlet in the Carmel Community Playhouse when hard times forced their own beautiful theatre into the movie ranks five years ago, will be back in their old home on the Golden Bough stage before summer. "They Knew What They Wanted" will be their last major production at the Playhouse.

Mrs. Henry Gleeson, with her sister Miss Nan McCormick are spending the week in San Francisco

No New Spring Outfit Is Complete Without Jewelry To Match



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New Sleeves
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sizes 32 to 42

SWEATERS
$1.95 and up

Fuzzy Weaves
soft colors
Cunning Sleeves
Gay trims
Lacy Knits
Dozens of styles
1934 colors and white
. . . . Twin sets ideal for golf. . . . . lacy slipovers designed for new suits.

SPORT SKIRTS
$3.50 and up

Monotone Tweeds
Gay Plaids
Checks
Solid Colors
Flannels
Kick Pleats
Bright Buttons
Front, Side fastenings. . . .

Sizes 24 to 34

DESERT CLOTH SWAGGERS

They are here! Desert Cloth, so entirely "new" made into swinging swaggers in the most exotic alluring and yet harmonious effects we've seen in many moons.

We're carrying two chic styles with large patch pockets, four-in-hand ties and good looking wooden button trims. Large brimmed, or off-the-face hats to match. for

$12.95

NEW SWAGGER SUITS

The last word in style in a real variety of newest spring colors. They are smart! So new, so jaunty and so flattering to wear. Chic Peter Pan Collars. Tucked shoulder and sleeve treatment and shield effect lapels. And best of all so specially priced.

$19.00 and up

Sizes up to 44

Knitted Suits, Knitted Ensembles, Knitted Frocks

In other words its a big season for knits and you'll fall in love with the new Snyder Knitted Garments we're showing. They don't sag, they won't wrinkle and the styles and color combinations make them stunning for sports or travel wear. No matter how rushed your packing is your Snyder Knit will be fresh and trim when you want to wear it.

$16.95 and up

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WE GIVE GREEN STAMPS — Holman's DEPARTMENT STORE — Open 8 to 6 Daily and till 9 Saturday

PACIFIC GROVE

BONNETS IN THE RING FOR SUNSET SCHOOL TRUSTEE

Announcement of the candidacy of two women for the position of trustee of Sunset School made vacant by expiration of the term of Clara Kellogg, who does not intend to run for reelection, was made this week. Mrs. Helen Levinson and Mrs. Esther R. Smith have stated their intention of seeking the office.

Mrs. Everett Smith has resided in Carmel since 1928, living on Carpenter street between Ocean avenue and Seventh. Smith is forester for the Del Monte properties, and is well known here. Mrs. Smith is a graduate of the San Jose Teachers' College, and has taught in Californian schools for eight years.

They have three children, all now in Sunset School. Mrs. Smith is a member of the P.-T.A., and school mother of the Seventh Grade.

Mrs. Levinson's announcement follows:

I have been vitally interested in all matters concerning Sunset School for the past seven years and it is with full recognition of the responsibilities of a board member that I am announcing my candidacy for Sunset School District Trustee in the coming March election.

My first interest is the continued welfare of the children of this community. I have three sons at Sunset, and in watching their progress through various grades, I have become thoroughly conversant with school activities. In the event of my election, I would use whatever experience I have gained through this close association.

In these difficult times and especially as a property owner and taxpayer in Carmel, I thoroughly realize the necessity of limiting expenditure as far as is consistent with the maintenance of high educational standards and I believe that this can be done in a spirit of friendly co-operation. I shall strive sincerely toward its accomplishment.—Helen Levinson.

ABALONE PLAYERS HAVE FIRST WORKOUT SUNDAY

Abalone baseball got under way for limbering up muscles and lining up new talent last Sunday with two teams going through a talkative nine inning game, and fifty spectators tuning for the season's howling to come.

Under the leadership of Frank Sheridan, dyed-in-the-wool Shamrock leader, Don Staniford, boss of umpires extraordinary, and Doc Gray, the veteran rule expert the boys ran around in very promising style and displayed tricks of the trade that brought warmth to hearts of the grizzled Abalone Originals.

Next Sunday another workout will be held, and in the meantime all interested will be welcomed in Staniford's Drug Store to sign up for active part in the 1934 battles, and as usual all playing is to be done at personal responsibility of the participants. Iodine, bandages, crutches and damage suits will be furnished by the club—if some kind hearted citizens ante up for the crash fund as in past years.

NOEL SULLIVAN TO SING IN GALLERY

Noel Sullivan, bass, will give what he is calling his "annual recital" in Carmel in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Satrday evening, February 24, at eight-thirty o'clock. He will be accompanied at the piano by Elizabeth Alexander, and the program will be made of songs by Beethoven and Brahms.

BUSINESS LICENSE FEES BEFORE COUNCIL TONIGHT

In a special meeting tonight at the city hall the council will ask business people to give suggestions for proposed revision of the business license ordinance. Nothing definite has been formulated, and will not be until the public is given full opportunity to voice its opinion in tion that recently resulted in criminal complaints being filed against leading citizens for alleged nonpayment of license fees.

There is much inclination toward a flatrate, and also encouragement for handicrafts, amateur dramatics and other activties that are so much a part of Carmel. Aside from these indications, nothing in the way of a program is scheduled by the council itself.

YOUNG MEN'S CLUB TO OPEN NEXT WEEK

The Young Men's Club, sponsored by a committee of prominent Carmel men including Don Staniford, chairman, Bert Hyde, Frank Sheridan, J. L. Nye and Everett Smith, intends to open its clubhouse at 8th and Dolores in the Mission Chapel, which has been donated for the purpose by the Presbyterian Board, early next week.

Already considerable equipment has been gathered toward the eventual complete furnishing, with a billiard table, chess sets, books and pictures, radio, punching bag and boxing gloves now available.

The club is intended for young men above scout age, which will include the high school classification and beyond. Membership may be asked for by submitting qualifications to Don Staniford, at the Staniford Drug Store, and all who are interested are urged to do this as soon as possible.

Bringing new laurels to the peninsula this week, was Mr. Richard Collin of Pebble Beach. He attended the Hunter Trails at Flintridge and was first in the cross country event.

• • •

Mrs. Laura Dutton of Carmel Highlands left last week for Honolulu where she will stay for several months.

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Spring Thoughts

GALLOPING AT A MAD PACE IS NO WAY TO SEE AND KNOW ABOUT OUR NEW SPRING FASCINATIONS, YET YOU'LL NOT BE SORRY TO GALLOP THROUGH THESE IMPRESSIONS, AND LATER INSPECT OUR THINGS AT THE SHOP WITH LEISURE

DIZZYING THEY ARE!

YOU'LL HAVE AN URGE TO SQUEAL WHEN YOU SEE THE NEW DAINTIES JUST IN FROM THE STYLE CENTERS. THEY ARE DELIRIOUSLY LOVELY AS TO COLOR, AND SO SMART THAT ANY GIRL WITH THEM THIS SPRING WILL MAKE GIRLS LESS LUCKY SEEM DRAB. YOU'LL GIVE A HAND TO THE SWANKY DRESSES AND FROCKS THAT ARE DISPORTING THEMSELVES HERE. DELIGHTFULLY ORIGINAL AND AS TEMPTING AS A LEGAL COCKTAIL AFTER TENNIS.

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MRS. IRENE CATOR TO BE NEW CARMEL POSTMASTER

It is learned on good authority that Mrs. Irene Campbell Cator will be next postmaster of Carmel, following W. L. Overstreet who has held the position for over four years.

Mrs. Cator is well known in Carmel, having lived here for many years and being the sister of Argyll Campbell, city attorney of Carmel and prominent in legal matters throughout this section of the state. She was the first wife of the late Thomas Vincent Cator, nationally known composer who died here a number of years ago while working on his revolutionary Aural Modal Scale, and is the mother of Barrian Cator, singer and aviatrix, Bruce Cator, who is now in school, Theodore and Ruth Cator.

She comes from Santa Clara, where her father was a noted attorney and at one time dean of the Santa Clara University law college. She is a gifted musician and is especially adept at the piano and violin, and has used her talents in furthering large musical productions.

W. L. Overstreet has been Carmel Postmaster for four years and eight months, having been appointed June 1, 1929, and commissioned by President Herbert Hoover, Sept. 19, 1929.

This popular and efficient public official has been prominent in Carmel business and social life since he came here from Berkeley in 1910, and perhaps his outstanding service before becoming postmaster was the founding of the Carmel Pine Cone in 1915, of which paper he remained owner and editor until 1927, when he sold the property.

After a brief rest following his retirement from the government service he will resume active business pursuits and at the same time decide upon his political activities. His residence for the immediate future will continue to be with his daughter, Mrs. De Witt Appleton and family.

MISS INGRAM TO ASSIST IN BEAUTY WORK

Miss Patricia Ingram has given up her beauty work aboard liners in order to assist her sister, Marie McFarland in the McFarland beauty studio. Miss Ingram has recently had a beauty shop on the President Cleveland running between Seattle and the Orient.

LICENSE PLATES ARE NOW ON THEIR WAY

Owners of motor vehicles have been advised by the Department of Motor Vehicles not to become alarmed if they have not received their 1934 license plates even though application was made by mail several weeks ago.

It was stated the plates will be forwarded just as soon as possible and no motorist who has applied for them will be molested by the traffic officers.

Motorists who have moved within the last year were asked to make sure that the new address was given on the application or that they left forwarding addresses with the postal authorities. Plates are sent to the address shown on the certificate of registration.

All who have not applied may do so up until midnight of February 14th wihtout paying the delinquency penalty.

NEW EAGLES TO REPLACE THOSE LOST IN ACTION

Postmaster W. L. Overstreet has been notified by the NRA Headquarters in Washington that torn and worn blue eagle insignia displayed by business concerns may be replaced on application to the postmaster, who will shortly have a new supply.

BIGGEST BASS WINS FISHING CONTEST

Jack Williams of New Monterey won first prize in the 1933 bass contest conducted by George Sapin of "The Surf" with a 17 pound striped bass.

S. Tsuda of Salinas won second prize with a fish of 17 pounds.

Sapin's annual contests are a popular feature with peninsula sportsmen, who will be interested to know that registration is now starting for the 1934 contest.

IS THAT SO?

By Winsor Josselyn

It takes a writer to explain things. The other evening at a rehearsal of "Nine Pine Street," director Byington Ford was making notes of corrections needed, and doing so in the blackness of the auditorium. Later he read these notes, still sitting in blackness, and question arose as to how his eyes could see in the dark.

"Easy," said Richard Masten, who himself has written words on paper and is an authority on the subject. "Words written in the light can be read in the light, and words written in the dark can be read in the dark."

★ ★ ★

Breathes there a man, woman or child who hasn't wanted to hold a match to an automatic fire sprinkler in a big building to see just what would happen?

★ ★ ★

What fun policemen can have and how it can make honest citizens miss a couple of heartbeats.

We were driving in all dignity up Ocean Avenue, and waved carelessly to a couple of parked state cops at the foot of the hill. We started into Hatton Fields and heard with our left ear the chugging of a motor bike. It stayed somewhere near the rear wheel, and by craning the neck we could see in the mirror the handlebar of a white road-racer. Then it came up alongside and we were looking into the reproving eyes of the law.

No matter how honest a man has tried to be, there's always some way he can break the law and be nabbed, and what had we done now? Then we saw it was the traffic officer whose first name we knew well, and yet the law is the law and our heart isn't too good, anyhow.

"Mister," said the solid young man in the khaki cap, "your door is only half closed." Followed by a civil nod and a speeding on ahead —then a turning and grinning and waving of the hand.

Just the same, even though the door wasn't fully closed, those things aren't healthy on a quiet Sunday afternoon, law or no law.

★ ★ ★

We repeat, what Carmel needs is a licensed guide. There are a lot of good spots that a tourist misses, and the thing could be done in a dignified way that would painlessly show Aimee's beach cottage, Marshal Gus Englund without his horse, Doc Staniford with his cigar, Jo Mora's Serra bronzes at the Mission and the store wher you can buy picture post cards.

A neat cap, something like a San Francisco cable car conductor's, with "Licensed Carmel Guide" in gold letters would have tone and authority that nobody could be offened about, and maybe for four-bits extra he would call out your name as his sight-seeing bus passed you on the street.

★ ★ ★

Remember your first look at the full moon through binoculars? And what you said about its mellow golden nearness?

A five-year-old was handed a pair of opera glasses, fronted toward the moon and then carefully listened to.

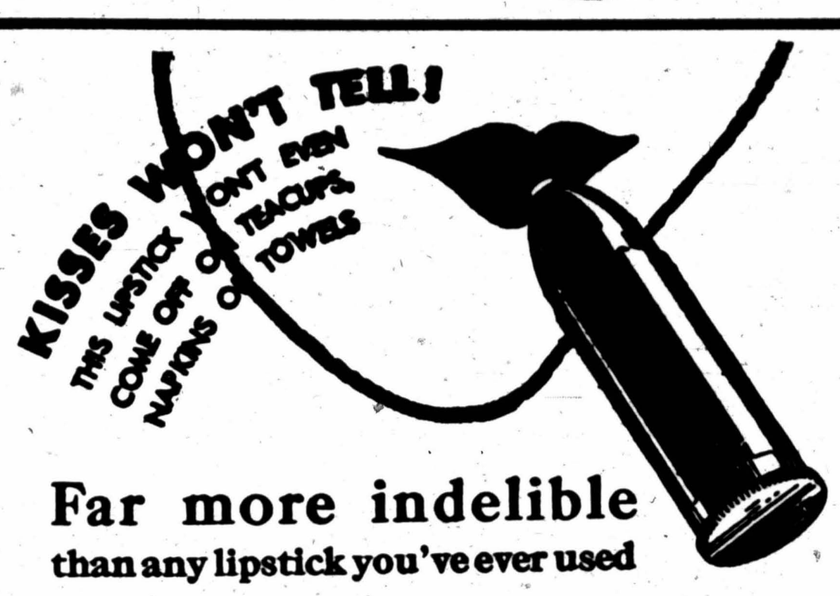
"Oooooh! It's so bea-u-tee-ful and so low!" she piped, which is all that a ninety-year old astronomer could have said on the entire lunar subject.

NEW MONTERY MERCHANTS "CHOW"

Still active where many merchants organizations of the Peninsula have quit, the Merchants Association of New Monterey got together for an informal feed at the New Monterey Bakery Monday night, and had a grand old time.

They had a home cooked feed of weinies, beans, and what have you in the informal setting of the bakery proper and while most of the evening was devoted to good fellowship, messages of hope and cheer were given by Elmer Zanetta of the Monterey Chamber of Commerce and Sergeant Ben Norwood of the Presidio.

It is rumored too that William (Spark Plug) Sorenson enlightened the evening with an interesting talk and more than his usual number of vigorous jokes.



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SHOES
For Sport and for Dress, Men and Women's Clearance
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All Wool Slip On's, Assorted Colors
Clearance 1.95
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20% discount
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COMIC OPERA "PATIENCE" COMES NEXT WEEK

Commencing Wednesday night of next week, the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera "Patience," will be presented at the Carmel Playhouse by the Monterey Peninsula Opera Association, under the direction of Arthur Gunderson. The clever dialogue and tuneful music of this first production of the opera association call into use dramatic and musical talent of two of the Peninsula's well known theatre personages, Gordon Knoles and Gertrude Bardarson. "Surprise talent" is to be found in the remainder of the cast of principals which includes Madeline Currey, Alison Shoemaker, Robert Bratt, Dorothy Green, Lily Walker and Edith Elasho.

The popularity of this type of amusement has been evident in the past performances of two Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas, "Pinafore," done at the Playhouse last year and "Pirates of Penzance," at the Forest Theater last summer. Both of these performances were skillfully directed by Arthur Gunderson who is in charge of musical direction of the current production, "Patience."

In charge of the clever dance numbers that occur through the play is Miss Billie McConnell who studied under such well known teachers as Adolf Bolm, Theodore Kosloff, Hirsh, and Arnold, and who returned recently to the Peninsula after a season with the San Francisco opera company, and with the San Francisco Operatic and Ballet School.

ART ASSOCIATION GIVES BRIDGE TEA PARTY

The Carmel Art Association will give a benefit bridge tea at the new gallery on North Dolores on Tuesday, February twentieth at two o'clock. This is an opportunity for those who have not already seen the present exhibition at the gallery to do so; as well as enjoying an afternoon of good playing.

The prizes will be etchings and engravings of considerable value.

The public is cordially invited to attend. Reservations for tables may be made in advance by telephoning the Gallery, phone 327 or to Mrs. Chapel Judson of Pebble Beach. Admission will be fifty cents per person.

LEIDIG SONG RECITAL

by Hal Garrott

Francisca Nason Leidig gave a song recital at Pine Inn Last Friday for the Carmel Mission Restoration Fund. Though the affair was poorly attended, the program was excellent, and much of it very enjoyably presented.

Francisca Leidig possessses a high contralto or mezzo soprano well suited to Spanish Folk Song and such numbers as Durante's Fauciulla, Schumann's Widmung, Gretry's Tristesse, Farley's Wind Song. The soloist has vitality, warmth of tone, and high dramatic expressiveness. The evening might have been equally successful throughout, had she not attempted several selections beyond her range and unsuited to her singing style, such as Mozart's Ah, Lo So and Ah, Non Credea from Bellini's La Sonnambula. The attempt to negotiate coloratura passages, many of the notes out of reach, almost caused the singer vocal shipwreck.

In spite of this Mrs. Leidig is the best locally resident mezzo soprano I've heard. The accompanist, Alice Lingley, plays well enough, but too loud. It may have been due to the unusual resonance of the room, but certainly Rossini's Tarantella became a piano solo, and I was deprived of what appeared to be excellent dramatic singing.

10c PLAY READINGS

Are Carmelites passing up one of the best bets in town Monday evenings at Pine Inn? Yes and no. Usually the inn is crowded to hear talented local dramatic artists read plays. If they choose, the public is (reluctantly!) permitted to lay ten cents in the basket to help defray cost of books to read from. As every character in every play is represented by a reader, those wishing to take an active part are welcomed at rehearsals. The popular drama Dear Brutus will be read February 19, and on February 26, The Second Mrs. Fraser. A start is made promptly at eight o'clock.

MANY EVENTS KEEP BOY SCOUTS BUSY

A week ago yesterday court of honor was held and a scoutcraft exhibition. The most interesting exhiibtiis were those of Sea Scouts of "Ship 26." On a table as long as the room was a chart showing the depths of all points in Monterey Bay; in a corner was a wireless set and a miniature showing a wrecked ship near a lighthouse. There was also a steering wheel, a marine compass and three boards with knots tacked upon them.

Troop 77 had a miniature bridge, camp fire, lean-to, signal tower and a few reptiles in bottles. Troop 92 had butterflies and moths, and Troop 86 had a bayonet and an exhibtion of leaves.

In the Court of Honor several boys got merit badges and several stars. Then the entertainment on stage was pretty good but in the fire making contest with bow and arrow it went out so much they gave it up. Last Saturday the scouts gathered at the scout house to hear President Roosevelt speak, and had several songs.

MYSTERY CLOAKS CARMEL NIGHT AT LEGION POST

Carmel is cloaking in mystery its entertainment for the Monterey Peninsula American Legion Post No. 41 planned for Washington's Birthday in the new Legion Hall, but certain groups have been seen together around town organizing some kind of deviltry, and while police are making no arrests as yet, they are conducting investigations.

It has long been this village's boast that when better entertainment is given, Carmel will give it and when the time for Carmel's contribution came around the challenge was recalled. Legionnaires one and all are keeping the night of Thursday the 22nd strictly clear so as to take in the mystery show without fail.

RETIRING POSTMASTER LAUDS OFFICE STAFF

Retiring postmaster W. L. Overstreet has posted the following in the office: "To the Carmel Postoffice Staff. With my severence from service the time seems appropos to express to all with whom I have been associated in the Carmel Postoffice my heartfelt appreciation of the cooperation, loyalty and courtesy which has generally prevailed during my tenure of office.

"May you all have full measure of material prosperity and spiritual joy. Very sincerely yours, (signed) W. L. Overstreet."

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1931 Chevrolet Sedan
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COMIC OPERA
By Gilbert & Sullivan
A Monterey Peninsula Opera Association Production
100 Seats at 50c
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Tax Exempt
Carmel Community Playhouse
Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. - Feb. 21 to 24
Tickets at Stanford's Drug Store, Carmel, or Box Office

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You know the fit and style and personality would probably be wrong. So it is with furniture and home furnishings. To know HOW a thing will look, it should be seen in the home it is to adorn. Phone us, and we will bring over a complete selection of what you wish. This service applies to EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME.

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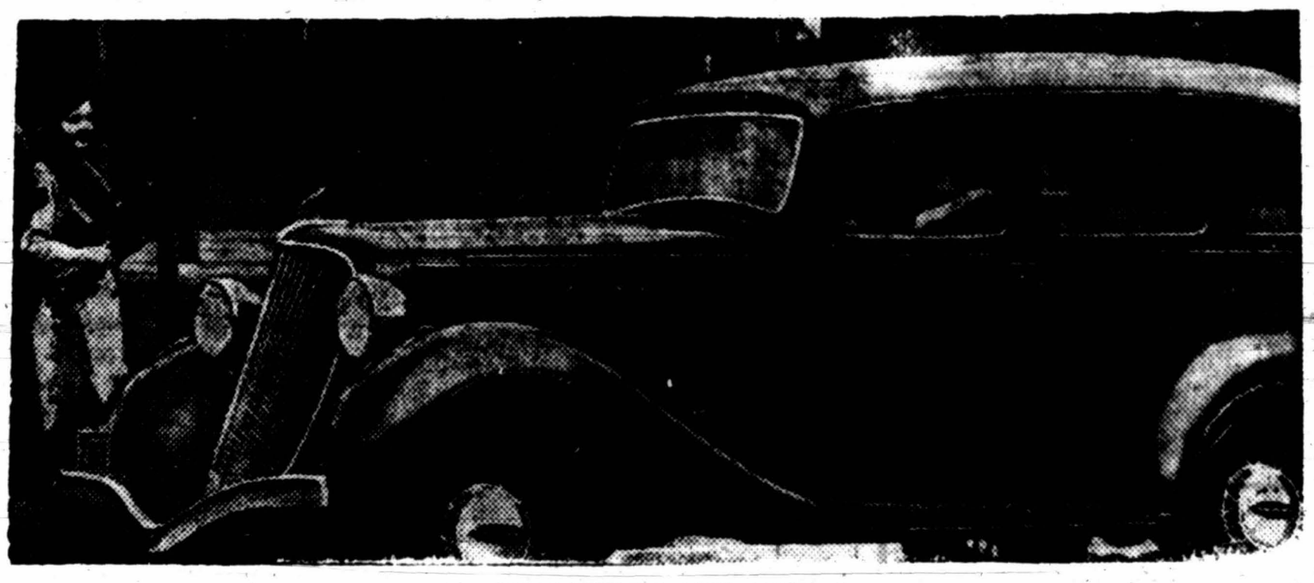

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Here is a car so luxurious, so comfortable, so roomy and so smart in its streamlined grace that keen-eyed experts could scarcely believe their ears when they heard its price.

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ON DISPLAY TODAY! We now have these new Terraplanes and Hudsons on display. We especially invite you to come in and see them this week. Ride in them. Drive them. Test them. A car is ready for your use now.

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The Thorn in the Village Flesh

By Adriana Spadoni

Once upon a time there was a little boy who liked to think. He was called Lincoln. The little boy grew up, still liking to think, and they called him Steffens. Now there is a grey haired, bearded man, with the same inquiring mind and we know him as Steffie.

Whether you like or dislike Steffie you are. If you have formed your opinions somewhere back in your youth and called resultant rigid pattern "the fruit of experience" pattern "the fruit of experiece" you will hate him for Steffie regards such "experience" as a hardening of the mental arteries, a misfortune to be pitied not esteemed.

Because of this refusal to construct a house of fixed deductions and live complacently therein forever, he annoys those who have neither the energy nor will to alter their abodes. These listen to him, sneer and whisper among themselves, "Oh, Steffie. He talks to hear himself talk."

But Steffie does not talk to hear himself talk. He talks because he is that rather rare Anglo Saxon who is not ashamed to think seriously in public. Most Nordics regard the operation of their brains much as they do their physical functions and would no more think seriously before others than pick their teeth. Steffie, however, refuses to be thus restrained and goes blithely on irritating many, infuriating some, endearing himself to those as mentally ill-bred as himself.

When his kindly eyes peer over his spectacles and he shoots his paradoxes at our slower minds, we shrug disdainfully at the persiflage for we know that real wisdom is not clothed in such airy garments. Truth is a stolid figure, arrayed in concealing draperies and never displays her limbs with such carefree abandon. So we, too, shrug and and join the Steffeites. But only for a little while. He has a maddening habit of being right.

Some years ago when he told me that Big Business Men were among the stupidest specimens of the human race, I controlled my denial only because I did not like to tell him how stupid I thought he was. I had never come into contact with Big Business men and imagined that their acute brains functioned beyond my comprehension. Who was I, who could not even grasp their vocabulary, to criticise? With millions of others I stood in awe of these mighty intellects and saw no analogy between them and medicine men befuddling the trusting savage with bits of bone and decayed feathers. Then came the crash. And now we are all saying that the most irresponsible housekeeper could have managed her simple budget more wisely than these supermen managed the national household.

Four years ago when everyone interested in international affairs was watching Europe, Steffie said to me, "I'm through with Europe. The Far East is the place to watch." "Through with Europe!" I thought pityingly. "Poor Steffie. He's just got to be different or burst." And now, what countries are statesmen watching "with grave concern?" China and Japan.

Yes, Steffie, you make us all mad, even those who love you. But keep it up. Anger is a wholesome cathartic. When the mental gripes have passed, we may still disagree with you, but may have done some analysing we would not have done without your goading. You exasperating lovable creature.

AND HE SMILES
by Pauline Schindler

I have long been thinking how excellent it would be to take off a day each year to write to the men and women who have been of particular significance in one's life, and let them know. How astounded some of them would be at the gratitudes that continuously pour towards them from the obscure, the unkown, the forgotten.

And what a torrent, from what far and near corners of the planet, would pour upon Lincoln Steffens! In how many evening discussion groups the confusion of tongues is quieted with, "But Lincoln Steffens says . . . . ", or, "Ten years ago I heard Steffens say . . . . "

His insight has penetratingly affected our generation. Since he exposed virtue, and showed us the sinner in our political-economic system as a logical part of it, we have learned to understand and to forgive our comrades-in-sinning, even were Steffens himself the sinner and to suspect our fellow-virtuous; including ourselves.

The specific achievement of his life seems to me to be his having shown us the nature of human behavior under certain conditioning factors. I always wanted a program from him, an answer to "Well, then, that being so, what next?" But he wouldn't answer. The conclusion so obviously lies in the premises: Make a different society and you will produce a differently behaving political animal.

He is a sage who has never been embittered,—whose irony has never become savage. He sees, he knows,—and he smiles.

(And how, and how, and HOW enchantingly.)

A LETTER TO STEFFENS

Dear Mr. Steffens:-

May you live long and scare us often! In dodging your Communism I think we are going to humanize our Democracy. Many thanks for the boost.

Even tho the tel co labels you "Steffins" I find that Steffens and Carmel are synomous as I wander over the country. The world knows you even tho your own tel and town does not.

"I don't believe a word you say, but I deny any man the right to prevent your saying it." Thus wrote Rousseau to Voltaire, banished from France.

And thus thought a lot of people when you were banished to Carmel. But ——

Your prophetic deductions on the evils of capitalism are today realities. The tin gods of high-finance have tumbled low.

Your warnings on the incurable temptations of power through the profit system once made us smile. Yet only today I read, "The world must find a substitute for the profit system, or collapse." And this from Nicholas Murray Butler in his annual address to his bond-padded Trustees at Columbia.

All lese majesty—from you—a few years ago. And now thoughtfully pondered by liberal minds the world over.

Greater reward has no man than the knowledge that in his short span of life he has made millions of minds more tolerant, more liberal toward the possible good in groping sister nations, an intolerant of the proven bad in our own.

When we rejected your famous autobiography as a subtle plea for Communism and did accept it as a wholesome challenge to Democracy, didn't we turn the tables on you? Or did your impish humor anticipate all that? I wonder.

May you live long and scare us often!

Hopefully yours,
Willard W. Wheeler.

DISILLUSIONMENT

What is the adverb that flows from the pen when one is about to write "disillusioned"? "Bitterly," isn't it? But that would be all wrong for Lincoln Steffens. Disillusioned he is, or thinks he is, but sweetly so.

In his autobiography he tells you of his whole work as a steady search for remedies for social and political evils. No sooner was one brought to light than it crumpled up—and another—and yet more. When he finished his investigations, and when he finished his book, there was not a single illusion left. In all of it there was no bad temper, nothing but an acceptance of the miserable facts he found everywhere, a sympathy for the sinner but with no mitigation of his sin. So Steffens is The Disillusioned Gentleman. A quiet "there but for the grace of God goes John Bunyan" sums up his patience and his disillusionment.

Perhaps he knows, perhaps he doesn't, that he has one absorbing illusion left to him. If you look at the charming outline drawing which is the tailpiece in his life history, you may see it for yourself. For he believes he is educating his son.—Mary E. Buckley

LINCOLN STEFFENS, A MORALIST!

What he does
He knows,
So knows
Where he goes:

For all "the patter"
Of needed correction,
It's just a matter
Of taken direction.

Apropos—a revolt against "muckraking;" a housewife minded to cleanliness was made aware of her small daughter at the laundry-door by an indignant scream of "now, you have spoiled all my fun!—I was sitting back listening to the radio when you started that old washing-machine." How leisured Culture resents culture toward leisure.—R. B. Greeg.

TO LINCOLN STEFFENS

He tells us this, he tells us that,
Then contradicts his theses flat.
At first we followed round and round.
But now we smile and hold our ground.

—Emily Pitkin

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

I fear many of us will make a mess of things in attempting to give our view points of Mr. Steffens.

Here's my attempt;

Lincoln Steffens loves all humanity: Always pleading with men to be tolerant with mankind.

An individual despite all circumstances. He has maintained his personal viewpoints in spite of all contradictions by his fellow men: not stubbornly or blindly but rather faithfully and honestly. One of the few men alive, able to see into our social system, clearly and without prejudice.

Unable or rather wiser than to offer any social changes, he ramains an authority on evils of capitalistic society.—Robert Leidig

FATHER STEFFENS

Some call him Mr. Steffens, others say "Steffie;" I call him Father Steffens. That is because I love him him — it is also because I know he loves me.

How could I help it—help loving him! How could he help it, help loving me? For I have two arms and as many legs, as others have such limbs; and a torso I am, and a head.

Thus do I receive the affection of Lincoln Steffens, as do all others constituted as I: therefore do I love him, Father Steffens.—David Alberto.

A HIGH PURPOSE

To eagerly search Society to discover its short coming and to expose them without malice or implication of blame: to see and understand the whole and not retract for the part: this is the test of Lincoln Steffens, a great man with a high purpose.—C. Sumner Greene

SHOWN IN HIS BOOKS

If there is any citizen who knows Lncoln Steffens only by hearsay, let him come to the Library. Here he will find Mr. Steffens himself even more easily than in his home or on the streets of Carmel, for he has given us two books, his own Autobiography and Moses in Red, which reveal the richness and finenes of the man himself, as well as his vagaries. When meeting him in person or in our local press he is too prone to give us the latter as counterfeits of himself, and it would be a loss, indeed, not to know the real spirit of the man revealed in these books. —Hortense Berry

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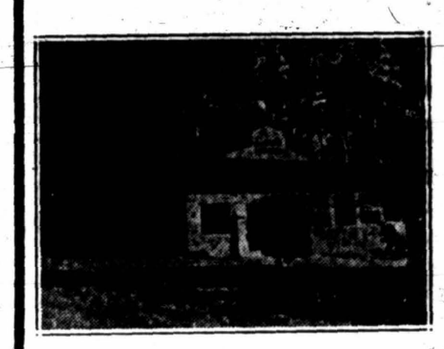

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The Carmel Pine Cone

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THIS NUMBER

By Carrie Horton Blackman

This Village Symposium originated through the loving impulse of one of Lincoln Steffens' ever-questioning friends—Rachel Hiller. When our hero, from a hospital in Chicago where he had been ordered by a quickly summoned physician, made his way across country to his own home and bed, the thought came to Rachel Hiller, "In some way we must comfort and assure this man of our appreciation of his work and life. We must do it quickly and generally, while he lives, not after he dies."

The Pine Cone indicated the way by an offer of its columns, and we got to work. It seems a long time, yet it was but six weeks ago when a little band began approaching the villagers on the street with, "Won't you write a word of greeting to Lincoln Steffens? Tell him what you think of him—criticism, rebuke, sharp, disapproving even—he will like that.

"We'll lift his attention from himself as a sick fellow to his real old warhorse self."

Who were we? Well, Willard Wheeler about his home in Pebble Beach, and Mollie O'Shea about hers in the Highlands. But most of the work was done in the village. Our Highlands' neighbor, William Ritschel responded with a delightfully worked out cartoon of an episode in the lives of the painter and writer.

Full of humor, Du Maurier-like, it represents Steffens, the connoiseur viewing the artist at work among scattered drawings of the model, posing beyond. Says Steffy, the dilettante, "There are no artists in Munich."

Alas! The effort at reproduction of the cartoon for newspaper printing proved futile, and the clever sketch must be seen in its original form. Other drawings by friends of Steffens proved more tractable, and Edward Weston's portrait done on wood, Jo Mora's cartoon, and the delightful wood engraving by Abbie Bosworth illustrate this number. For now these sheaves of loving message are reaching their destination today.

NOT MEAN ENOUGH

By Pete Steffens

Pete Steffens thinks his father is "pretty good"—as parents go.

"No-o-," he answers thoughtfully to a thoughtless grown-up "No, not perfect."

"Why, Pete, what's the matter with me as a parent?"

"Oh, well, you aren't mean enough."

"Mean?"

"Yes, mean, like mamma."

"Is your mamma mean?"

"Mamma? Sure she's mean. She gotta be. I've got to get over stealing and lying, haven't I? I can't grow up to be a thief. Well, mama's mean to me about stealing and lying; she stops me going to the movies. So she'll make me stop it. But you're too easy on me. You'd never make me cut it out. You're not mean enough. That's what I mean."

LOSING GAME

No wealth can bring a sense of peace
Or buy a friend
It cannot stay the hand of death
At journey's end.

It gives no warm companionship
To lonely hearts
Nor promise of bright days to come

When youth departs.
In just a day—
The wealth of kings can disappear
And seeking gold's a losing game
For man to play.

Hilda Butler Farr

TREES BURNED LOW

The trees upon these hills were all burned low,
Some yesterday, some many years ago.
Slowly the bracken and the seedlings rise
And grow in rank disorder. Other skies,
Another moon long moons and years away
Will see the changing green of a new wood; today
There are white skeletons of trees and kindly green
Of lesser branches where much else has been.
I tell you this: these are my hills, my own;
This the scarred loveliness that I have known.
Others will sing the never-conquered heights,
I cry the charred dawns and the flame-filled nights.

—Kent Goodnough Hyde
In "Westward"

CAT

Little furry friend
You gently press your head
Against my cheek
Content in vibrant purrs
Of love to speak.
You pat my pencil as I write
And murmur in my ear
What only I, in all the world,
Must hear.
We have our language, just we two,
The verbs are gentle, throaty cries
And nouns full glances
From slant yellow eyes.

—Thelma Starke,

STORM MAGIC

I hear the poplars talking
While it storms. The lightning's flare
Reveals those trees out walking
Upside downward, through the air.
Thunder is rolling in the powdery dust of the lane;
A sudden charge of prancing centaurs brings the rain.

Vessie Bland Beauchamp
in Poetry World.

CARMEL'S SEWAGE DISPOSAL PLANT

By Clair Foster

Next Monday evening, Feb. 19, there will be a meeting at the Carmel school at which the taxpayers of the Carmel Sanitary District may learn all of the details of the proposed new sewage-disposal plant. Mr. Kennedy, the San Francisco engineer retained by the Board of this Sanitary District, will be present. The Board members will all be present. The Board has arranged this meeting partly to acquaint the taxpayers with such planning as has already been done, partly to receive the suggestions of the taxpayers. Above all, the Board wishes the people of the District fully informed BEFORE the fact, not AFTER it. To this end it is urged that all taxpayers attend the meeting so that they may act with understanding when the time comes to vote on the bond issue that will pay for the work. The cost of the work will be assessed upon the whole Sanitary District, not on the property owners of Carmel alone. The commissioners want every last person in the District to know just as much about the project as they themselves do, and if any taxpayer wishes to make either suggestions or objections this is the time to make them and discuss them.

The Federal Public Works Administration has this project in Washington and is prepared to stand 30 per cent of the cost. But with the rapid changes that are taking place in Federal affairs there is no guaranteeing that the Federal authorities will remain disposed indefinitely to aid this local project. It is highly advisable that a full vote of the taxpayers be cast at the balloting for the bond issue on March 12 .The Public Works Auhority cannot be expected to be overly solicitous for the welfare of people who show only slight interest in their own.

This District has long passed the pioneer stage of cesspools. No community can afford to remain long in that stage. An adequate and sanitary sewage system is not an improvement that can be made when the wish or the whim dictates. The necessity confronts Carmel now. The disposal plant will be built. It should have been built long ago. The present plant has been condemned by the State Sanitary authorities. It is either that Carmel will act of its own accord or that the project will be taken out of our hands, and, doubtless, be done for us in a manner and at an expense that we may not like.

There is still another reason why there should be a full attendance at the forthcomtary District are giving their services to the ing meeting. The commissioners of this Sanipeople without any remuneration other than the personal satisfaction of performing a civic duty. They are entitled at least to the encouragement that comes from a display of interest on the part of the people they are serving.

A Modern Socrates

By Cora L. Williams

The psychological set-up of the group of students which met with Lincoln Steffens on several afternoons last summer in the Williams School of Writing at Berkeley was like, I venture to say, the psychological set-up of the group which met with Socrates two thousand years ago in the court of Cephalus's house at the Piraeus. There was the same mental alertness, the same joy in thinking together, the same expansion of consciousness.

Where did Mr. Steffens get this knowledge of group dialetic, this power to inspire young people to mental effort? Writers are supposed to be individualists, given to solitary thinking.

From his early youth Lincoln Steffens seems to have had a clear perception of the value of group thinking. I find in his autobiography an excellent account, the best I know, not excepting Plato's even, of a group intent upon the pursuit of truth. When preparing for college it was young Steffens' good fortune to have for a tutor an Englishman, Oxford trained. It is of the Saturday evening discussions at the home of this tutor that Steffens writes:

"It was conversation I was hearing, the free, passionate, witty exchanges of studied minds as polished as fine tools. They were always courteous; no two ever spoke together; there were no asides; they all talked to the question before the house, and while they were on the job of exposition any one, regardless of his side, would contribute his quota of facts, or his remembrance of some philosopher's opinion or some poet's perfect phrase for the elucidation or the beautification of the theme. When the differences rose the urbanity persisted. They pressed their views with vigor and sincerity and eloquence; but their good temper never failed them. It was conversation."

But how few boys would have had the eyes to see, or, the ears to hear what was taking place! That Mr. Steffens had the perception bespeaks the true genius, one who is able to sense the trend of human development, to anticipate the higher levels toward which the race is struggling. All Hail to Lincoln Steffens, "the Socrates of America"!

Rapier - Not Muck Rake

By Orrick Johns

I have just been reading, in Scribner's, Lincoln Steffens' Interview with the Devil. It was obvious at the meeting of minds which was the uncomfortable, the unhappy one. It was not Steffens. It was the Devil. Lincoln Steffens collaborated in reviving the old tragic law-myth of Eden with perfect delight. The Devil did the squirming.

I have a letter Lincoln Steffens wrote me once when I had undertaken the editorship of a small paper. In that letter he said, "Enjoy your job. This is professional advice. If you have a good time the readers will."

I think the secret of Steffens is this happy ease with which he does everything, no matter how hard. I have seen him move an auditorium of 15,000 people, move it powerfully. He did it with little more voice, very little more perfectly placed emphasis, than he uses in an ordinary room.

The cycle of time has magnificently justified Lincoln Steffens. A voice with a Big Stick called him a muckraker. But he was never that. I don't know just how to say what he is instead, but neither "muck" nor "rake" fits him at all. If he uses a tool it is rather the rapier than the rake. No man can burst a bombshell with more nicety and tact. Steffens hits, and hits with terrific effect at times; but the energy behind his hits is the happiness of the man.

If a revised version of the Hebrew Old Testament is ever written to fit a more intelligent age, Steffens' interview with the Devil may well begin it—a Genesis that is understanding and understand- Steffens has recognized what the failure of the Revolution in Eden was about, and what the success of all later successful revolutions was later successful revolutions was about. He knows it is the business of **releasing.** Releasing the good new expansive human energy into new fields.

What I Don't Know About Lincoln Steffens

By Hal Garrott

Lincoln Steffens came into the national consciousness some thirty or more years ago, and for several years filled the public eye as few writers have ever done. His articles in McClure's and later in the American Magazine, written in lucid and breezy style, exposed the political graft and vice of our great cities in a manner that got under the skin. The man in the street read "The Shame of Our Cities" and boiled with indignation. One metropolis after another was subjected to Steffens' detailed dissection, until Theodore Roosevelt, realizing the nation had been fed upon shame, labeled Steffens and his imitators "Muck Rakers." The crusade died over night as far as the press was concerned.

But the campaign was not forgotten. Too many damaging facts had been cried from the house-tops. The famous "Red Light Districts," conspicuous as sore thumbs in large cities, disappeared. Other reforms followed, influenced by the "Muck Rakers." Years ago the name "Steffens" disappeared from the limelight, but it remained a household word with all who date back to the beginning of the century.

About 1930 Lincoln Steffens, a resident of Carmel, staged a comeback as a national figure. The publication of his Autobiography served notice to the world that he was still very much alive. The qualities that had made him famous once were active and capable of an even finer literary product. No historian will be able to cover our period without mention of the name "Steffens."

My knowledge of Lincoln Steffens is a little better than that of the "man in the street." We know him as a commanding figure and a writer of distinguished attainment. But what sort of a man is he really? As a youthful reader of his crusade articles I puzzled about this, and today, some thirty years later, I am still puzzling. What struck me as remarkable then was his seemingly simple, almost cheery approach to political and vice exposes. His genius (genius it must have been) for drawing admissions and well-guarded secrets from cagey political bosses, who knew he would use their confessions against them. Why did they tell him everything?

As an older reader of the Autobiography other questions arise. Has Lincoln Steffens a purpose which cotrols him, or is he, philosopher-like, at home on both sides of the fence? Is that why he is welcome in both camps? The Mooney case and others reveal him as a sympathetic negotiator.

Sometimes I wonder if Lincoln Steffens isn't as much interested in the show as in the principals involved. Is he a fascinated spectator on the side lines, ready to leap into the arena if need be to keep the contest from slowing up?

The concluding sentiment in his remarkable Autobiography is revealing. In general it is to the effect that God has managed the world before Steffens' arrival, and would do so after his demise—perhaps his (Steffens') meddling had been unnecessary. A truly philosophical conclusion, but altogether too modest for one who, forty years ago, sowed seeds which today bear rich fruit. Is it perhaps Lincoln Steffens' love for the under dog, no matter what he is under, that stirs him to action? Whatever I don't know about Lincoln Steffens, he is incontrovertibly one of the commanding figures of our time.

THREATENED

It has not been my good fortune to know Mr. Steffens personally. Once Pete held over my head the threat of bringing his father to have me arrested if I did not decide to dispute between him and our Tim in the proper manner. Although I hopefully refrained from interfering, nothing came of it. I am afraid Pete forgot the injustice done him before he rad time to report it. At any rate, I remained at liberty and failed to make the acquaintance of his father.

This incident did not persuade me that Mr. Steffens is indifferent to his boy's happiness. Everywhere I heard of his interest in all things that contribute to a better life for the children of the village. Although he has not taken an active part in the P. T. A. this year, I am assured by those who know him, parents and teachers alike, that his interest and help can be relied upon when needed.—Grace Plank.

A GREAT AMERICAN

As a reader of Lincoln Steffens' philosophy and as a listener to his many talks, public and private, it has deeply impressed me that he is a great American citizen.—D. L. Staniford.

An Appreciation from New Zealand

By Dora Hagemeyer

When a real book is born it has an independent existence. It is clear of its author and able to carry out its own destiny. It is weakened by no bonds of sentiment or explanation by its creator. Such a book is "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens."

When I sent it to my father in New Zealand a year ago for a Christmas present, it was received with interest and delight. He sat up all night to finish it. It told him just what he wanted to know. As a Unitarian minister and one of the pioneers of fraternity and equality in New Zealand, it has always puzzled him that America, a land presumably built on these principles, has so little to offer concerning their practical application. This book gave him a cool, almost photographic picture of the scene and explained without trying to do so, the laws underlying action and the inevitable repetition of the patterns of human behaviour.

"The strange thing about this book," he writes, "is that it is absolutely a-moral. It is not coloured with emotion and it does not preach. It simply observes and states facts." And that is so. The reader must become creative on his own account. He must draw his own conclusions and search for his own solution if he wants one. It is not done for him. He is not told what is good and what is bad. He is simply told what is. Lincoln Steffens sets up no standard of judgment. Intelligent observation is his key-note, and motivating this, a salty kind of wisdom.

Apparently without a purpose, the book has nevertheless a very sly technique. Instead of setting out to educate the world, the writer prefers to entertain it with the truth about itself and while it is absorbed in the picture, he puts the education over painlessly.

This is also the technique of his art of making a speech. He can take an idea and make it caper about so amusingly that its seriousness is lost and its dignity upset. The audience is so interested in The audience is so interested in watching its antics that they forget to be serious too and meanwhile the real point is presented subconsciously.

People often say that they cannot decide whether Steffens is serious or not; whether he is really in earnest or just having fun. I do not think this matters. It is rather a relief to know that there are still some human beings who refuse to crystallize; who are not afraid to go flowing along with life, enjoying it and laughing with it, and telling the truth about it. It is good that some people still preserve a little of its mastery within themselves.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

What I think of "Steffy" is nobody's business but my own.

Were I to say all the nice things about him that I know are his, I believe he'd try and dig up a blush and become embarrassed trying to have the truth brush away the scowl of unbelief that my valuation of the man's worth brought forth. —Frank Sheridan

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Saint or Satan ?

By O. W. Bardarson

In the eyes of Carmelites, Lincoln Steffens does not measure up to a half-way standard. He is either Saint or Satan. Those who oppose his thought-baiting expressions and "Red" veerings would endow him with horns and a forked tail. All they see are his bare words which if taken literally would cause Mr. Steffens to be quite frequently misunderstood.

In direct counter-position are those who see him as the idealist whose only recourse to get people to think is to irritate them. They feel that Steffens does not muckrake and bring political dirt and slime to the light because he thinks it is beautiful but rather because he feels people should know that all this corruption exists and needs to be eliminated before the community or nation can be regarded as a desirable place in which to live. To these people Mr. Steffens places true humanity above convention and artifice and is thought of as a pioneer of progress pointing to higher levels of humanity.

Frankly, I believe, that Mr. Steffens would be red, white, or black if he thought color or political leaning would afford him the technique to arouse and stimulate people. Discarding his political affiliation, if he has any, I see Lincoln Steffens as a kndly man who despite the fact that he has seen people and the world at their worst feels that people can be improved and induced to plan a better world.

He has felt little freshness of outlook and perspective on the part of generations that have passed in review during the past sixty years and feels that the mantle of destiny must fall on the shoulders of youth. He feels that the minds of children and youth will be called upon to institute pioneering in real social betterment and economic adjustment. Perhaps he is a little too strong on that point but it is a good one and can well be emphasized. To illustrate the questioning, investigating mind of children, Mr. Steffens has portrayed his own son, Pete, as the hero of this youth movement. When Charles Aldrich pricked the mythical Pete bubble, people realized that Lincoln Steffens was not merely a doting father day-dreaming the unattainable for his son but an idealist whom the present and past generations had disappointed. An idealist who hoped that youth with its innate sense of fairness would rectify the present order of civilization and operate the affairs of man on the basis of social welfare and well-being.

If I am partially right in my surmizing of something about which I know very little I sincerely hope that an army of Petes, Dicks, and Harrys will carry on the process of social and economic evolution which is now being inaugurated by the president of the United States. What is happening today make some of the utterances made by Lincoln Steffens two or three years ago sound prophetic.

S IS FOR STEFFENS
by Edna Owings

sly
shy
sympathetic
peripatetic
discursive
subversive
socratic
emphatic
verbaceous
outrageous
annoying
destroying
evangelistic
aphoristic
hard-writing
dirt-biting
record-breaking
check-taking
gentle
mental
dreamy
seamy
irrepressible
and after all inexpressible
Steffens

S IS FOR STEFFENS

disarming
charming
alarming

enraging
assuaging

confiding
colliding
deriding

astygmatic
enigmatic
emphatic

evasive
pervasive
dissuasive

autorial
sartorial
immemorial

paternal
eternal
infernal

S

LINCOLN STEFFENS: AN OBSERVATION

To get the greatest enjoyment from a book, it should be viewed from two aspects. One is the story and the other is the author. I am not especially interested in what the critics or reviewers may have to say about Mr. Steffens. The important point is the disclosure the writer makes of himself. His thoughts, his ideas, hopes and beliefs, both active and suppressed. Perhaps some even unknown to the writer himself.

I knew Lincoln Steffens in the flesh but I did not feel I knew the real Steffens. I heard him speak in public and in private. Was he cynical, sarcastic, honest, making fun of us, or what? I could not decide.

Then I read his autobiography. Not because I was particularly interested in his past life but I thought it might show me the real Steffens. And I think it has, or as nearly as it is possible for one person to really know another.—Bernard Rowntree.

AN INCIDENT

My Dear Mr. Steffens:

I am thinking of a slight and personal thing, one of your uncountable acts of kindliness towards those who crossed your path.

Years ago when you were staying with Colonel Jacobs at Glencoe, you met a shy and awkward girl whom you placed as Jesse Williams' kid sister. You remembered that Bert Boyden, who was with you then on the AMERICAN MAGAZINE had shown you a short story she had sent in to him. You walked with her for half a morning over the Skokie links and in that keen and kindly way of yours, that cuts and heals at once, you gave her criticism and advice.

I will not count the years since then. But what you said and the way you said it I remember as though it were yesterday.—Susan Porter.

SEEDING THE DESERT

Lincoln Steffens is one of the few young men left in America that we oldsters, who grew up just in time to see the world smothered with war, can still look forward to with affection and respect. For while we were in diapers, Steffens had already learned to meet injustice with wit, and to back wit with facts and facts with deeds. He found a desert and persisted in trying to seed it with intelligence and decency. It was a foolish and divine enterprise, for which we love him, and some of his seeds are miraculously sprouting today. This is why we cannot talk about Lincoln Steffens in terms of his busy past. We can only salute his future. — Lawrence Morris, New York City.

STEFFENS WOULD WRITE PERFECT MURDER STORY

"I would like to write the perfect murder story," said Lincoln Steffens, propped up in a bed that was strewn with newspapers and magazines, "so that nobody reading it could ever again serve on a jury and vote to hang a murderer.

"When I told Hearst this, he said he would pay me five thousand, yes ten thousand for such a piece of work. Once I had perfected the pattern, then any of his men could copy it and thus have a powerful weapon against capital punishment." He shook his head, smiled, and added, "Well, it hasn't been written yet."—Winsor Josselyn

When "Over the Hill"
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YOU AND STRAVINSKY

Dear Steffie—

This is not about you and Satan, but about you and Stravinsky! I stumbled across the program of "L'Histoire d'un Soldat" the other day, and it brought vividly to mind our performance of "L'Histoire" in the Gallery—with Nicholas Slonimsky of Boston conducting, and the New Music chamber orchestra from San Francisco crowded onto our little stage.

The dissonant, atonal sounds, now violent, now with bizarre, splintering sounds in new, subtle rhythms shocked and frightened some, antagonized others—excited everybody. When the fray was over, and people were desperately hurrying out before Henry Cowell's "second playing for those who want to hear" began, you came up to us, and we saw at once that you had heard and understood. This should not have seemed remarkable, for it was consistent with your freedom from conventional tradition—but it was rather remarkable.

For once we agreed, Steffie! Here were you, having, as you said, an entirely new experience,—actually hearing music for the first time, and hearing it through the modern idiom. We shall always remember how you shared that experience with us. A scrap of what you said, as you sat in the big blue chair—"Steffie's chair"—comes back to me—

"Why, that music said to me just what words say. . it said all of today . . ."

I doubt if Stravinsky or New Music ever had a higher or a deeper tribute, Steffie, for none knows better than you what words can say. The Gallery has always divided its remembrance of that night between the dynamic, strange music, and your sensitive, eager, amazing understanding of it. Since then it has seemed to us as though you measured all music by that performance.

Our love to you.—Dene Denny

"PETE'S PAPA" by Anna

"Well, Anna, how do you like America?" he asked, when we were one day out of Southampton on my first trip to America, and me with my back to the U.S.A. and feeling sick.

I met "Pete's Papa" (as we all call him since Betty Ann started it), on the S. S. President Harding. I had come with them as the one and only person in all Europe good enough for them to trust their little Pete with (aged two years and four months, and couldn't talk English only a few words of French). His ironic humor scared me rather as I'd heard of him as a Bolshevik and I'd been brought up in my little country school in Wales (not at home) to respect my King. I had never met Mr. Steffens, although I had know Ella Winter when she was still in school as far back as 1916. I had heard she had married an American much older than herself on the Riviera and they had a baby; that he was very revolutionary and years ago had gone around in fear of his life. I was expecting to see a very fierce Russian-looking "red," so I got a pleasant shock when he walked into the dining-saloon at Cherbourg. I saw Pete suddenly go very red in the face and I looked to see what had hapepned. There in the doorway stood a little quiet gentleman, very courteous, and he took my hand and "Anna, I'm glad to know you" he said. What a wonderful thing to say to me, so scared. I had never heard that expression (English people don't use it—Ed.). He made me feel happy and at home with him right away. I was quite surprised when they let me take Pete about alone in New York. After much traveling around we bought a house in Carmel, and of all the easy, just "bosses" to work for Pete's Papa beats them all. He talks politics and revolution to me quite a lot and when you see things through his eyes they're really very sensible. He teases me an awful lot especially about my husband and little girl—he can't understand how such people as we come by such a nice pretty little girl. Ah-h-h, I think he's jealous.

AND HOW ABOUT PETE?

No discussion of Lincoln Steffens is complete without mention of Pete. How can he live down the handicap of his fathers' notorious reputation, not to mention his fantastic and original theories of education and home-training which so scandalize the elect?

Well, time will tell! When Pete has grown to manhood and proved his calibre, all of us who view with alarm will probably be out of the picture.

Mr. Steffens hopes his theories will work, if only to prove us wrong!

I'm afraid they may!—Hester Hall Schoeninger

NOT SO FEARSOME

I am glad Ella Winter and Lincoln Steffens met and married because of that I met him and know him. I had heard of him as Red, Radical and Revolutionist, and expected to see a big heavy-set man with long black hair—sort of brutal-looking man whose loud voice would be heard all over the place and I feared him until I saw him.

I found him to be just the opposite of what Red, Radical and Revolutionsct had meant to me. If he is Red, Radical and Revolutionist then I want to be one also.

I know him to be a Christian, more Christian than the Christians. I could ask no more in this life than to spend the rest of my days in a community of people like him.—Leslie McCarthy

MAKES THEM THINK

Intelligence, courage, perseverance. By the use of these qualities, Lincoln Steffens exposed corruption at the very heart of our great American cites. Should we not be forever grateful to the man who could sting us out of our indifference and smugness and make us think? Perhaps if we knew Lincoln Steffens personally we should love him.

By one of the thousands unknown, but alert.—Agnes Williston

GUILD FUND CARD PARTY A SUCCESS

Success attended the card party at the Manzanita Club on Monday night for the Community Church Guild fund, with 25 tables of players. The door award was won by Mrs. Mabel Turner, and other prizes were taken by H. L. Clement, Mary Berger, R. G. Leidig, Mrs. Louise Rask, Mrs. Jean Whitcomb, C. L. Wilder, Mrs. A. B. McGarraugh, Fred Mylar, Mrs. Flo Holm, Mrs. Carol Phillips, T. A. Dorney, Mrs. Mary Torras and Ms. Charles Guth.

I. MAGNIN COMPLETES LOCAL SPRING SHOWINGS

Under the management of Wanda Leslie, for years well known in Peninsula and particularly Carmel style circles, I. Magnin and Company has the foresight to display complete showings of their finest Spring clothes and hats at their Del Monte shop this year.

Sensing the rapid trend toward complete business recovery on the Peninsula, the Del Monte shop has again assumed its position of leadership for "those who know" and is literally humming with activity.

Mrs. Leslie cordially invites her many friends and patrons to drop into the Del Monte Shop, and as she puts it, "have the time of their lives," even if their budget does not permit a large outlay for Spring. "Magnin's," she says, "is always most moderate in price."

PERMAPOINT IS NEW LIPSTICK AT CARMEL DRUG

Indelibility and cleanliness are the keynotes of the new Parmapoint lipstick that is now sold exclusively at the Carmel Drug Store. In an ingenious applicator case Permapoint is the last word in lipsticks. The new formula that is as smooth and soft as it is indelible gives an even application that will last.

The Carmel Drug Store known all over the Peninsula for its up-to-date toilet goods department, will gladly give you a demonstration of this new aid to feminine beauty.

PERSONAL SELECTIONS AT CINDERELLA SHOP

Janet Prentiss of the Cinderella shop is known for her ability as a stylist throughout the Monterey Peninsula, and it is due to her extremely fine sense of what is charming in feminine wear, that her shop has made such an enviable reputation for itself over a period of many years.

Just now there is showing a complete selection of the latest styles personally selected by Miss Prentiss from the New York manufacturors. Especially featured just now are the new cottons, linens and tub silks.

IMELMAN'S SOON READY FOR STYLE SHOWINGS

Imelman's Sportwear Shop of Carmel already displays a wide choice of new Spring fashions for men and women, but the stock is to be so vastly increased this year, that it cannot be said that his showings will be complete for another week or two.

It is interesting to talk with him at once, however, and to see the many things that have already arrived, and to hear an description of the hundreds of lovely things to come.

Mr. Robert Ritchie visited Mrs. Ritchie at their home in Carmel over the week-end.

* * *

Arriving from Hollywood on Monday for an indefinite stay was Miss Kit Cooke, former Carmelite.

DICK'S

WINE & LIQUOR STORE

377 Alvarado St. Monterey Next To Patsy's Cafe
DICK BLAKE, Prop.

DICK WILL BE GLAD TO MEET HIS OLD CARMEL FRIENDS. HE HAS OPENED THE MOST UNIQUE PLACE IN MONTEREY, OFFERING A COMPLETE STOCK OF IMPORTED and DOMESTIC

Wines and Liquors

BULK WINES

FROM THE BARREL—BRING YOUR OWN JUG ANY SIZE, WE'LL FILL IT

SWEET WINES: PORT, SHERRY, ANGELICA, MUSCATEL — GALLON $2.25

DRY WINES: SAUTERNE, REISLING, BURGUNDY, CLARET, ZINFANDEL — GALLON $2.00

YE OLD CABIN INN

Camino Real Near Ocean
Carmel
Phone 909

Specializing In
ALL FRESH VEGETABLES

Dinners .....5:30 to 8
Luncheons .....12 to 2
Teas .....3 to 5
Sunday Dinner ..12:30 to 8

Special Saturday and Sunday Dinner. All Foods prepared personally by Gussie Meyer, experienced caterer

BARNET SEGAL
REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
LOANS — NOTARY
Phone 63 Ocean Ave.

SALE SPECIAL
Chrysler '72 Roadster
6 Wheels
$195
MILLER MOTOR CO.
Chevrolet Dealer Phone 560

GOLF

Pacific Grove
Municipal Links

Telephone 3456

I have been using Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills for thirty years. No matter what kind of pain I have, they stop it almost instantly. Never without them in the house.
Mrs. Chas. W. Webb, Indio, Calif.

You're The Loser

WHEN you allow *Headache, Neuralgia, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic* or *Periodic Pains* to keep you from work or pleasure.

You can't go places and do things when you are suffering—and the work or good times won't wait for you.

Why allow Pain to rob you of Health, Friends, Happiness, Money?

DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS have been used for the relief of pain for more than forty years. They taste good, act quickly, do not upset the stomach, nor cause constipation, leave no dull, depressed feeling.

Thousands have used them for twenty, thirty, forty years, and still find that nothing else relieves pain so promptly and effectively.

Why don't you try them? Once you know how pleasant they are to take, how quickly and effectively they relieve, you won't want to go back to disagreeable, slow acting medicines.

You too may find quick relief. Why wait forty minutes for relief when Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills will relieve you in ten to twenty minutes?

As a household remedy I have never found anything that equalled Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills. Mrs. Silas D. Keller, Penfield, Pa.

I never found anything that was so good to stop pain as Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills. I have told many about them and I find they are all using them. Mrs. Martha Lacy, Davenport, Iowa

I have been using Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills for years. I keep them on hand all the time. I can certainly recommend them for pain. Miss Audra Seybold, 2417 W. 2nd St., Dayton, Ohio

Your Anti-Pain Pills have been a wonderful help to me. I have used them for three years and always keep them on hand. Mrs. E. Pierce, Lapwai, Idaho

I have used quite a lot of Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills. They are fine pills to stop pain. Mrs. J. L. Kester, Shickshinny, Pa.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

The Misses Helen McLachlan, Mary Louise Parsons, Elizabeth Hollis, Evelyn Conger, Beverly Alleson were among the guests of Miss Mariana Hopper at her home last Friday evening.

* * *

Among the Carmelites to enjoy the week-end at Yosemite were Mr. and Mrs. James Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Ranald Cockburn and Mr. Alexander W. Cockburn.

* * *

Visitors to San Jose this week were Mr. and Mrs. George Graft of Carmel.

* * *

Dr. W. Covalt, associate of Dr. E. J. Cluen was a visitor to Santa Barbara this week.

* * *

Miss Mary Louise Parsons spent a few days in San Francisco this week.

* * *

Returning to Carmel yesterday from San Francisco was Mrs. Ruth Thompson.

* * *

Spending from Friday to Monday in San Francisco was Mrs. Sybil Leonard of Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Woolton, of Victoria, B. C. uncle and aunt of Mrs. J. L. Cockburn, have been guests ofr a week at the J. L. Cockburn home on Carmelo Street.

* * *

Among prominent guests at the Hotel La Playa during the week were Lorretta Deverich, of Hollywood, who has visited in Carmel many times, Dr. J. M. Frawley of Stocketon and Baron Valentin Mandelstamm of 17 Rue Alphonse de Neuville, Paris, at present connected with motion picture writing in the south.

* * *

The home of Mrs. Jack Schrader on El Camino Real was a scene of much gaiety when Mrs. Schrader entertained a number of friends at a one o'clock bridge luncheon Tuesday. The guests for the afternoon were: Mrs. James McHenry Rauers, Mrs. Clarence Terry, Mrs. Clinton Rand, Mrs. John Abernethy, Mrs. Franklin Thompson, Mrs. William Lee, and Mrs. Walter Johnson.

* * *

Thursday afternoon, Mrs. John Abernethy entertained a number of her friends at a bridge tea at her home on San Antonio Street.

* * *

Mrs. Nell Drake, former caterer from Oakland and Berkeley spent last week as the guest of Mrs. Gussie Meyer at the Old Cabin Inn.

* * *

Miss Nancy Spalding, who has been the house guests of Mrs. Karl Ohnesorg for the past week, returned to her home in San Francisco Tuesday.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. James Parker returned last week from Palm Springs were they spent a week. Mrs. Parker with her house guest, Miss Jane Boyce of Ottawa, Ill., are leaving today for the Islands were they will spend several weeks. Mrs. W. D. Boyce is also here from Ottawa and will stay in Carmel while they are away.

HOLIDAY BRINGS FIRST CROWDS OF 1934 SEASON

The first holiday week-end of the present year, when Lincoln's Birthday made a red mark on the calendar, brought good weather and many tourists to Carmel, both being expansively welcomed by local merchants.

Along with the crowds came good behavior, as the polce department had a minimum of complaints. If this is a prediction for future holidays and the summer season, Carmel has good reason to smile and anonunce that the depression is indeed lifting.

VOTERS MAY REGISTER AT STANIFORD'S STORE

Voters are notified that reigstration for thoe wishing to take part in the forthcoming elections may be done at Staniford's Drug Store, at Ocean and San Carlos.

Only those who have missed the last two elections or have changed residence outside their precinct will have to make new registry. Otherwise people are still voters in good standing, although it is advised that you drop in and check up on your status before it is too late.

PLAY READERS AT PINE INN ON MONDAY EVENING

The Play Reading Group, which has made such a success of its Monday night gatherings at the Pine Inn announces that the play to be undertaken this next Monday is in the nature of a surprise, and that a treat is in store for all who attend.

The excellent feature of the Group is mutual enjoyment by readers and audience alike, combining something of the old-time Commedia Del Arte and the conventional stage offering, and the nights have been well attended from the start.

MANY KITES BEING BUILT FOR CONTEST

No need to tell the boys and girls about remembering Kite Contest Day on Saturday February the 24th up there on the Hatton Field Mesa beginning at two o'clock. The contestants and spectators are asked to gather at the Sunset School at 1:30 and follow the line of parade through town and down by the Mission and so out to the contest grounds.

No kite in the air when the contest begins will be eligible for a prize in any of the five divisions, as all must start at the same time. Each group will gather under banners, and the field will be roped off so that the judges will be unhampered in their work. Five dollars will be first prize and two and a half second prize in each group, and the entire affair will be under the general supervision of Rev. Melvin C. Dorsett, taking the place of Rev. Willis White, who is incapacitated by illness this year.

Kite materials may be had free at the Sunset School, and all are invited to enter the contest if they come in the age requirements.

BOB DALTON IN CITY BOUT TOMORROW NIGHT

Bob Dalton, 127 pound Carmel boxer, won his match by default Monday night in the Pacific Amateur Boxing Championships at the Auditorium in San Francisco and will advance tomorrow into the semi-finals of the bouts. If he weathers this, he will be in the finals on Monday. Frank, his 147 pound brother, lost a hard-fought decision over the four round route to Elmer McCay of San Jose, after winning an earlier bout by a quick knockout of Frank Schuler, of Petaluma.

HOME HELP HINTS NOW IN PINE CONE

Starting with this issue of the Pine Cone, there appears a convenient directory of capable men specializing in various services which are needed from time to time in every home.

These men are local men, and they will make a special effort to render complete satisfaction with every job, no matter how small or how big.

This directory will appear every week in the Pine Cone, and it is of a size to make clipping convenient. It will be a convenience to cut it out and paste it in your phone book for quick reference.

Those men sponsoring the directory are, Mr. McPhillips, painter; Weaver Kitchen, plumber; Carl Rohr, electric; Birney Adams, Fixit shop; John H. Belo, gardening, rock work etc.; Mr. Houser, gardening and handy work, Al Mapson, floor finishing etc.; Mr. Hitchcock, hard wood floor specialist.

FUNERAL OF JOHN WHITE HELD IN PACIFIC GROVE

The funeral of John Bidwell White, son of Rev. and Mrs. Willis White, of Carmel, was held at the Pacific Grove cemetery on Saturday afternoon in the presence of relatives and of his many friends who knew him hereabouts as boy and man, and the simple, open air services, read by Rev. Melvin C. Dorsett, of the Community Church, were fully in keeping with what were known to be the deceased's non-credal religious sentiments.

He was killed in a mine elevator accident in the Philippines shortly after he went there late last year to become assistant engineer at the Balaoc properties, and is survived by a widow, his parents and a brother and a sister.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 5395

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY HAMMOND KIRK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Katherine Corrigan Kirk, as executrix of the last will of Henry Hammond Kirk, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, to the said executrix at the law offices of Messrs. [illegible] & Martin, in the Spazier Building, in the City of Monterey, (the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate,) in the County of Monterey, Sate of California, within six months after the first publication of this notice.

Dated: February 14th, 1934.

Katherine Corrigan Kirk, As Executrix of the last will of Henry Hammond Kirk, Deceased.

Date of first publication, February 16th, 1934.

Date of last publication, March 16th, 1934.

Henry F. Dickinson and Hudson & Martin, Attorneys for executrix.

THINK OF IT!
Nearly New Chevrolet, 33 Sedan for only
$665
MILLER MOTOR CO.
Chevrolet Dealer Phone 560

The Curtain Shop
INTERIOR DECORATING
Specializing
In Small Houses
Martha Brouhard
560 POLK ST. MONTEREY

CANARY CAGES
$1.50
This New Shipment Just Arrived Is Equal in Quality To Cages, Selling at $2.50 to $3.00. Wonderful Values
SALE
ON CAGES IN STOCK For 6 Months or More DISCOUNTS
25% to 50%
THE PET SHOP
Phone 4681
480 Alvarado St. Monterey

CARMEL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
Offers a few remaining
SCENIC HOME SITES
at
CARMEL HIGHLANDS
EL PASEO BUILDING
CARMEL
TELEPHONE 12
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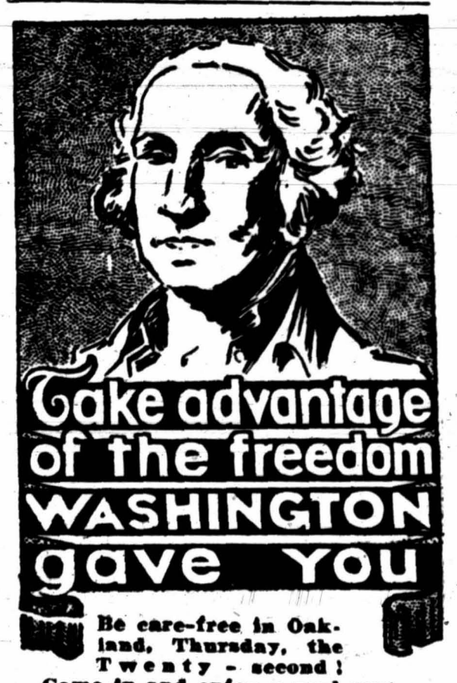

Be care-free in Oakland, Thursday, the Twenty - second! Come in and enjoy a real rest . . . let worry slide, relax and be gay! Washington's Birthday is the big holiday of the year . . . so plan to make it joyous . . . a memory to carry home with you!
A holiday at Hotel Oakland is a perfect holiday for you and your friends . . . special entertainment, superb cuisine at moderate cost!
500 Rooms with Bath from $2.50
HOTEL OAKLAND
14th ST. & HARRISON BLVD. OAKLAND

THE PAUL MORTUARY
Telephone 6212 390 Lighthouse Ave. Pacific Grove
Residence telephone J. K. Paul, 4829
Residence telephone Geo. W. Paul, 3993
Lady Assistant
THE TRADITIONS ARE RESPECTED AND THE CEREMONY IS ONE OF IMPRESSIVENESS AND DIGNITY IN RITES CONDUCTED BY US . . . WHETHER IN THE HOME OR IN OUR BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL

SUN IN EVERY ROOM
NO NORTHERN EXPOSURES
A distinguished feature of Hotel Canterbury, San Francisco. 250 sunny, airy, outside rooms, with no northern exposures. Finely appointed rooms, single, double or ensuite, all with tub and shower. European plan. Downtown, yet residential in tone.
Rates That Meet Today's Needs
Single $2.50 $3.00 $3.50
Double 3.00 3.50 4.00
Special Rates for Permanent Guests

Hotel Canterbury
750 Sutter St.

Mrs. Frank Heflinger has joined her husand and small son in Carmel, where they will take a cottage.

* * *

Mrs. Manuel Pereria, who has been in Los Angeles for the past three months, on acocunt of the sickness of her mother, has returned to her home here.

* * *

The many friends of Margo Von Schrader whose many summers have been spent in Carmel, will be pleased to know of her engagement to Mr. A. Boldermann. No date has ben set for the wedding.

* * *

Recently arrived in Carmel for an extended stay is Miss Marjorie Collis of San Jose, a charming young lady whose special interests and fame happen to be dramatics and art.

In San Jose Miss Collis has made a splendid reputation for herself as an actress with the Players Guild of San Jose. She is also a finished student of the School of Fine Arts of California, and may also be classified as an expert designer for stage settings, since she has deigned settings for San Jose State college of which she is a graduate.

While in Carmel Miss Collis will assist Etta Stackpole at her jewelry store here, and spend much of her leisure time interesting herself in the doings of local dramatic organizations.

* * *

To enjoy the winter activities, the Richard Mastens and children are leaving for Mt. Hood for a ten day pleasure trip.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller are spending two weeks in Beverly Hills.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hyde are leaving for a month's motor trip that will take them to Phoenix and Castle Hot Springs, following which they will return to Carmel and Mrs. Hyde will resume her many civic welfare duties.

CARMEL SHOWN ON NEW PICTURE MAP

A new picture map of Carmel is now on sale at local stores the work of Joseph Smith, who is prominent in art and music circles of the region.

Done in black and white, it measures 17 by 21 inches, giving not only an accurate birdseye view of the town and names of its streets, but also scrolls telling its history and border pictures of some of its most interesting buildings.

Among these buildings are the Carmel Art Association gallery, the Carmelita Shop, the Seven Arts Building, San Carlos Riding Stables, Carmel Garage, Merle's Treasure Chest, Carmel Dairy, La Ribera Hotel, Dolores Pharmacy, Carmel Realty Company in Las Tiendas Bldg., Dolores Bakery next to postoffice, M. J. Murphy, Inc., Theatre of the Golden Bough and the Holiday Inn on Carmel Point.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Cosy cottage, completely furnished (or unfurnished, if preferred) on sunny, southfront lot with trees, shrubs, garden; fenced; garage; excellent location; for additional information, address OWNER, Drawer AC, Carmel.

NOTICE OF ELECTION, CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT, MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a general election will be held in Carmel Sanitary District, Monterey County, California, on the 12th day of March, 1934, for the election of two members of the sanitary board of said district for the full term of two years each, one member of said sanitary board for the short term of one year, and of a sanitary assessor for the full term of two years.

There shall be one Consolidated Voting Precinct for said election, namely Consolidated Precinct "A", and the polling place thereof shall be at Triangle Realty Co. offices Dolores St. west line bet. 7th and 8th Ave., Carmel, Calif.

The polls for said election shall be opened at the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. and shall remain open until the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., when said polls shall close (except as otherwise provided by law).

Dated February 6, 1934.

C. W. WHITNEY,
F. P. HOWARD,
HUGH W. COMSTOCK,
J. B. McCARTHY,
ARTHUR T. SHAND,

(SEAL)

RESOLUTION NO. 28

A RESOLUTION ORDERING, CALLING, GIVING NOTICE OF AND PROVIDING FOR A SPECIAL ELECTION TO BE HELD IN CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT ON THE 12TH DAY OF MARCH, 1934, FOR THE PURPOSE OF SUBMITTING TO THE QUALIFIED VOTERS THEREOF A PROPOSITION TO INCUR A BONDED DEBT BY SAID SANITARY DISTRICT FOR THE ACQUISITION, CONSTRUCTION AND INSTALLATION OF CERTAIN SANITARY DISTRICT IMPROVEMENTS.

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT in the County of Monterey, State of California, as follows, to-wit:

Section 1: That a special election is hereby called and ordered to be held in said Carmel Sanitary District on the 12th day of March, 1934, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified voters of said District a proposition for the incurring of a bonded debt by said Carmel Sanitary District, for the acquisition, construction and installation of sewers, embracing the construction and installation of a sewage treatment plant, trunk sewer lines, gravity out-fall sewer lines, two pumping plants, pressure sewer lines; also the acquisition of rights of way for said sewer and pressure lines, and of real property for said pumping plants and sewage treatment plant, including also incidental expenses, aggregating the estimated cost of Eighty-three Thousand Seven Hundred Dollars ($83700.00), which is hereby specified as the amount of money to be raised for such improvements, and to be the amount of the principal of the indebtedness to be incurred therefor, including incidental expenses.

Section 2: That the election precinct, polling place and officers of election at said special election hereby called and ordered to be held shall be as hereinafter set forth, to-wit:

That for the purpose of such election all the territory lying within the limits of said Carmel Sanitary District be and it is hereby consolidated into one voting precinct, hereby designated Consolidated Voting Precinct No. 1.

That the polling place for said Consolidated Voting Precinct No. 1 is hereby fixed and designated as the office of Triangle Realty Company on the west side of Dolores Street between Seventh and Eight Avenues, Carmel, California.

That the following named persons, each a registered qualified elector of said Consolidated Voting Precinct and duly qualified therefor are hereby appointed and shall constitute a Board of Election for said Consolidated Voting Precinct No. 1 to conduct said election at said polling place hereinabove specified, to-wit:

Board of Election, Consolidated Voting Precinct No. 1:

Inspector: F. O. Robbins, Judge: B. W. Adams, Clerk: Mable Hart, and Clerk: Clara Leidig.

Section 3: That the official ballots to be used at said special election shall conform to the provisions of that certain act of the Legislature of the State of California entitled "An Act to Provide for the Formation, Government, Operation and Dissolution of Sanitary Districts in any part of the State . . ." etc., approved March 31, 1891, as amended, and to the laws of the State of California applicable thereto, and in addition to any and all other matters required by law to be printed thereon there shall appear the following:

Special Election, Carmel Sanitary District, County of Monterey, State of California, Monday, March 12, 1934.

For the issuance of bonds as proposed by the Sanitary Board ☐

Against the issuance of bonds as proposed by the Sanitary Board ☐

Section 4: Said election shall be conducted in accordance with the general election laws of the State of California as far as the same shall be applicable, except as modified by the provisions of said act hereinabove entitled and except as herein otherwise provided.

Section 5: The polls for said election shall be opened at the hour of eight o'clock A. M. of the day of said election and shall be kept open until the hour of seven o'clock P. M. of said day, when said polls shall be closed, except as otherwise provided by law.

Section 6: Any qualified voter of said Carmel Sanitary District may vote in favor of or against the proposition hereby submitted by stamping a cross (X) in the voting space to the right of and opposite the answer he or she desires to give, and all ballots stamped with a cross (X) in the square to the right of "For the issuance of bonds as proposed by the Sanitary Board" shall be counted in favor of declaring and authorizing the bonded indebtedness hereinabove specified in the aggregate sum of Eighty-three Thousand Seven Hundred Dollars ($83700.00), and all ballots stamped with a cross (X) in the square to the right of and opposite the words "Against the issuance of bonds as proposed by the Sanitary Board" shall be counted as against incurring said indebtedness.

Section 7: It shall be unnecessary to print or send out sample ballots for said special election, but the Clerk of this Board shall post or cause to be posted a copy of this resolution and order for four successive weeks prior to said election in at least three public places within said District, and shall cause to be published for four successive weeks prior to said election in the Carmel Pine Cone, a newspaper of general circulation, printed published and circulated in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, within said Carmel Sanitary District. It shall be sufficient that said resolution and order be published once a week for said period.

Section 8: The bonds proposed to be issued pursuant to the authorization of the qualified voters at said special election shall be negotiable in form and of the character known as serial bonds, and shall bear interest at the rate of not to exceed (5) per cent per annum payable semi-annually, principal and interest payable in lawful money of the United States of America in the manner hereinafter set forth.

Section 9: The total indebtedness authorized to be created at said election shall be represented by bonds payable as in this resolution provided. Said bonds shall be issued in such denominations as said Board shall hereinafter authorize except that none of said bonds shall be in a denomination less than One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) nor of a denomination greater than One Thousand Dollars ($1000.00). Not less than one-twentieth (1-20) part of the total issue of bonds shall be payable each year on a day to be specified by the Sanitary Board, but no bonds shall be payable in installments, but each bond issued hereunder shall be payable in full on the date specified therein by said Board. Each bond shall be signed by the President and countersigned by the Secetary of the Sanitary Board, and said bonds shall be numbered consecutively beginning with Number One (1) and shall have coupons attached referring to the number of the bonds to which they are attached, which coupons shall be signed by the President and countersigned by the Secretary of said Board.

Section 10: In case of the authorization of said bonded indebtedness and of the issuance of said bonds at said special election said Sanitary Board shall provide by resolution for the issuance, sale and redemption of said bonds as provided herein and pursuant to the provisions of said Act of the Legislature of the State of California entitled as hereinabove set forth.

Section 11: The compensation of each of the election officers herein appointed to act as such at said special election is hereby fixed at the sum of $6.00.

Section 12: After the votes have been announced the ballots shall be sealed up and delivered to the Secretary or President of the Sanitary Board, which shall, as soon as practicable, to-wit, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday the 13th day of March, 1934, at the office of said Sanitary Board at the Southwest corner of Ocean Avenue and Dolores Street, proceed to canvas the same and shall enter the result upon its minutes. Such entry shall be conclusive evidence of the fact and regularity of all prior proceedings of every kind and nature provided by said Act or by law and of the facts stated in such entry. If at such election two-thirds of the votes cast be in favor of the issuance of bonds as proposed by the Sanitary Board the said board shall thenceforth have full power and authority to issue and dispose of bonds as proposed in the order calling the election.

Section 13: Said bonds shall be disposed of by the Sanitary Board in such manner and in such quantities as may be determined by said Board in its discretion, but no bond must be disposed of for less than its face value. The proceeds of such sale shall be deposited with the County Treasurer and shall be by him placed in the fund to be called the Sewer Construction Fund of Carmel Sanitary District; the money in such fund shall be used for the purposes indicated in this resolution and order calling said election upon the question of the issuance of said bonds, and for no other purpose; provided that if after such purposes are entirely fulfilled any balance remains in such fund, such balance may upon the order of the Sanitary Board be transferred to either of the other funds provided by said Act of the Legislature entitled as hereinabove set forth.

Section 14: Said Sanitary Board shall levy each year upon the property within the District a sufficient tax to pay off the interest accruing upon said bonds for the respective year as it falls due, and also to pay one-twentieth (1-20) of the principal of said bonds so that the entire amount of principal and interest of said bonds shall be paid within twenty (20) years from the date of the issuance of said bonds as prescribed in said Act of the Legislature entitled as hereinabove set forth.

Section 15: The Clerk of said Board is hereby authorized and directed to secure the necessary election supplies and ballots for said special election; to secure, prepare and equip the polling place therefor hereinaboye designated; and to take all other steps necessary for the holding of said election as herein provided and as required by law.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT this 29th day of January, 1934, by the following vote:

AYES: Trustees: C. W. Whitney, J. B. McCarthy, H. Comstock, A. T. Shand.

NOES: Trustees: None.

ABSENT: Trustees: None (Note: One vacancy unfilled)

APPROVED: January 29, 1934

C. W. WHITNEY
President of said Sanitary Board

ATTEST:
ARTHUR T. SHAND (OFFICIAL SEAL)
Secretary thereof

Dates of Publication: Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23, Mar. 2, 9.

Professional Cards

G. Kingsland Dixon
RENTALS
Licensed Real Estate Broker
Phone 940
Curtis Bldg. Ocean Ave.

THE
Del Monte Kennels
MISS MARION KINGSLAND
Owner
Bathing, Boarding, Stripping
Phone 5327
Castroville Highway, Monterey

GEORGE P. ROSS
Attorney-at-Law
La Giralda Bldg. Phone 1003
Dolores at 7th Carmel

Del Monte Dog & Cat Hospital
"For those who Care"
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Veterinarian
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1 mile north of Del Monte
Telephone Monterey 8324

Dr. Carl L. Fagan
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Office: 6539 Spazier Bldg.
Res. 4046 Monterey

Argyll Campbell
E. Guy Ryker
Attorneys-at-Law
Spazier Building
Monterey, California

MASSAGE
MRS. A. F. JORGENSEN
Graduated in Stockholm, Sweden
Treatment at Patients Residence
by appointment
Phone 906
P .O. Box 622 Carmel

All Saints Episcopal Church
Monte Verde Street
South of Ocean Avenue
The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, Rector
SUNDAY SERVICES
8:00 a. m. Holy Communion
9:45 a. m. Sunday School
11:00 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon
All Are Cordially Invited

The Community Church
LINCOLN STREET
Melvin C. Dorsett
Minister
MORNING WORSHIP
at 11:00 a. m.
Graded School at 9:45 a. m.
Make Your Church Home With Us

Christian Science Services
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel
Monte Verde Street, one block north of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11:00 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8:00 p. m.
Reading Room
Open Week Days 1:00 to 5:00
Evenings: Tuesday and Friday 7:30 to 9:00
(Closed Holidays)
Public Cordially Invited

THE UNIT HOUSE

BUILT BY

HUGH W. COMSTOCK

CARMEL

CALIFORNIA

THE UNIT HOUSE AT OCEAN AVE. AND DOLORES STREET WILL BE OPEN TO VISITORS FROM 2 UNTIL 5 P. M. DAILY